ALASKA EDITION

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By and for the enlisted men

World Security League Explained in Cartoons

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The Japs didn't pull over all the derricks in the Tarakan oil fields when they left. Some of them were still standing, but most of the wells had been plugged.

By Sgt. DALE KRAMER
YANK Staff Correspondent

TARAKAN—When the Japanese militarists prepared for this war one of their major steps was to lay in vast stocks of oil-field and refinery equipment. For Japan, to be victorious, desperately needed the rich oil of the East Indies. And though the Dutch and the British dynamited the wells and destroyed much vital equipment in the face of the invaders, Jap technicians moved in with their machinery—and probably with blueprints prepared long before. After a little more than a year they had large quantities of black fuel oil and gasoline flowing into their tankers.

While the oil of the East Indies is not vital to Allied victory, it can shorten the war, and Allied troops, mostly Australian, have already begun the task of ousting the Japanese from Borneo, one of the major oil sources. Dutch technicians arrived with invasion convoys to begin working in the now-liberated fields on Tarakan.

But long before the initial landing, airpower had reduced the flow of East Indies oil to Japan to a mere dribble. Mostly it was a Thirteenth Air Force show, but the Thirteenth had some early assistance from the U. S. Fifth Air Force and later help from the Royal Australian Air Force.

One of the biggest prizes of the early Jap offensives in the Pacific was the rich oil land of the Netherlands East Indies. Now Yanks and Aussies are winning it back to help supply the tremendous needs of the Tokyo-bound Allied war machine.

The first big strike was made last October 10 on the huge installations at Balikpapan on the east coast of Borneo. Called the Ploesti of the Pacific, Balikpapan was the source of an estimated 15 to 20 percent of Japanese aviation gasoline. That raid set two records—it was the largest strike formation ever to fly in the Southwest Pacific and it was the longest bomber mission in force flown in the history of aviation up to that time.

For this initial blow the Thirteenth and Fifth Air Forces joined forces. Seventy-two unescorted Liberators set out from Noemfoor Island on the 2,500-mile round trip mission to Balikpapan. Bombers flying from Britain to Berlin had to go less than half as far. The Pacific raiders took off at night, each plane with a gross load of 69,000 pounds—12,000 over standard. As expected, targets were heavily defended by interceptors and ack-ack. The Liberators went in and they took heavy losses, but when they pulled away the refineries were spouting flame.

After that the Thirteenth's Long Rangers, Bomber Barons, and radar-searching Snoopers hammered Balikpapan many times, smashed storage tanks and fields at Tarakan, and ranged far north and west to strike oil installations in British North Borneo and Sarawak. Enemy airfields were systematically knocked out. For some

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After their landing on Tarakan, Aussie soldiers advance through destroyed enemy positions and broken forest land. Black smoke rises from a burning oil tank.

of these missions fighter planes flew 1,700 miles, another record.

At the same time an air blockade was clamped on Makassar Straits and the Sulu and South China Seas. (It has been so effective that when Liberators sank an 8,000-ton freighter-transport in Balikpapan harbor on May 20, it was the largest Japanese ship sighted in the Netherlands East Indies in months.) The Japanese lifeline to the East Indies was pinched tight. And the pay-off came during the crucial Philippines fighting when scores of Jap planes lay on the ground like stuffed ducks for lack of fuel.

The Allies were ready now to convert the oil to their own use. In addition to the oil, possession of air bases in Borneo would place Java, Sumatra, and Malaya with its great port of Singapore within easy bomber range. Whoever holds the East Indies holds the link between the West and the greater portion of Asia. Gen. MacArthur assigned at least the initial phases to the Australians, with the Thirteenth Air Force available to assist the RAAF in tactical support, the U. S. Navy for sea transportation and firepower, and Yank amphibious engineers to put invading forces ashore.

The first breach was made at Tarakan, a small (1 by 15 miles), pear-shaped island a mile or two off the northeast coast of Borneo. The earth of Tarakan is like the crust of a blackberry pie through whose slits the black juice bubbles. The oil is so rich that it can be poured almost directly into ships' engines.

Back in 1942 the Dutch, to protect Tarakan, studded the water just off the main beaches with double rows of upright steel rails reinforced with barbed wire. They dug a moat and filled it with oil ready to be set afire and a little farther back they constructed steel pillboxes. These defenses went unused because the Jap invaders cut their way through the jungle from behind to overwhelm the inadequate force of Dutch and native troops.

WAR FOR OIL

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Dutch sergeant supervises Indonesian oil men testing to see what is plugging up the well.

This Javanese girl was brought from Java by the Japs and forced into a brothel on Tarakan.

A bunch of Aussies try out a small fire engine which they found complete with pump and hoses.

With superior landing equipment the Allied planners decided that breaching the old Dutch defenses would be less costly than a slow hand-to-hand fight from the island's rear. But the assault of man-made beach defenses was something new in Pacific amphibious warfare and the woeful inadequacy of the narrow and swampy beaches added to the difficulties.

On D-day-minus-1, Australian commandos and artillery landed on tiny Sadau Island off Tarakan's west coast. The Navy laid down a smoke screen and under it and covering fire from Sadau Royal Australian Engineers went in and blasted 11 gaps through the rails and wire of the Lingkas Beach station. They worked under shore fire and with ropes tied around their waists to prevent them from sinking out of sight in the soft mud.

Next morning Australian infantrymen crowded the LCVPs and LCIs and LVTs and LCMs and waited for the word to go in. They were veteran fighters, the "Rats of Tobruk," who dug in and held on against the Germans in North Africa. Many had been with Montgomery when he cracked Rommel's line at El Alamein, and almost every one of them had fought in the jungles of New Guinea.

For a while they sat tight and watched the Yanks put on the fireworks preliminaries of an amphibious show. Naval vessels stood in and raked the beach. Suddenly the LCIs broke loose with an impressive barrage of rockets, and Liberators swung down out of the sky. Then amphibious engineers of the 593d Engineer Boat and Shore Regiment and the 727th Amphibian Tractor Battalion and naval boatmen dashed through the 11 gaps to put the Aussies on the beach. The boats brought in the Matildas—the Australian medium tanks—25-pounder artillery pieces, trucks, American jeeps, flamethrowers and a variety of other equipment. The Aussies had gone mechanized.

The enemy did not defend the beaches except with machine-gun and mortar fire from a distance. Instead he (Aussies always use the classic "he" in referring to the enemy) had sown beaches and roads and airstrips with perhaps the greatest concentration of mines ever encountered anywhere. For the purpose he had used 500-pound aerial bombs, 350-pound depth charges, 400-pound shells, 44-gallon gasoline drums, and Dutch anti-personnel bombs. One mine blew a Matilda tank 20 feet into the air.

While sappers went to work on the mines, the infantry struck out for Tarakan town, two miles away, and the air strips (the Japs had three in use) and the oil fields a few miles beyond. No flaming oil moat was encountered for the very good reason that bombers had smashed the storage tanks. Allied airmen controlled the skies so thoroughly that not even a Washing Machine Charley put in an appearance.

In five days the town and air strips and some of the oil fields had been secured and the Jap was making his usual bitter fight in the jungle hills. There was steady infiltration and there were wild *banzai* charges, sometimes with long poles to which bayonets had been attached. The Aussies broke the counterattacks and pressed the pursuit. When they were stopped at a tough hill, the land and naval guns pounded it, and then P-38s and Liberators slid out of the clouds and scorched the hill with Napal fire bombs. When the earth cooled the Aussies moved in without much trouble.

In prewar days Tarakan town, with a population of about 8,000, had been a comfortable place, despite intense heat and high humidity, at least for the 400-odd European residents, most of them employees of Royal Dutch Shell. Their houses were modern and servants were plentiful and cheap. Roads were surfaced and there were cement tennis courts, a swimming pool, a soccer field, two moving picture theaters and even a race track. Jap demolition and torch squads left the town a mess of charred ruins.

The population had fled to the hills and fields and as they crept back the Netherlands Indies Civil Administration (NICA) gathered them into relief camps. The Japs had used native troops captured in 1942 as slave laborers and in their retreat had taken them along as carriers. Many of them escaped and, after being outfitted, joined the forces of Dutch Army native troops who assisted the Aussies.

The largest section of Tarakan inhabitants—few of whom would be on the island except for the oil—are Javanese, an intelligent, graceful race whose sarong-wearing women are noted for their beauty. A large population of Chinese, originally brought to the island as coolies, have become shopkeepers and minor supervisors in the oil fields. Smaller groups include natives of Sumatra, the Moluccas, Celebes, and even Kyaks, the head-hunting aboriginals who provided talent for the Wild Men of Borneo sideshows of a few decades ago.

Gradually it became possible to piece together a picture of the Japanese occupation. The standard of living on Tarakan had never been very high, but under the Japs it fell to subhuman levels. Each person was allowed about a *katie* (equivalent to a double handful) of rice a week. That was all the food available except for the meager vegetables that could be grown in the oil-soaked earth. Once a year the people were allowed to draw a few articles of clothing. The Japs enforced the usual bowing and saluting and dealt out the customary slaps and sometimes fatal beatings.

Here at Tarakan something new was discovered in Jap technique: the tricking of young girls into eventual prostitution. NICA and Allied Psychological Warfare have gathered the evidence and are preparing to tell all the peoples of the East Indies of these crimes. Here, pieced together, is the story of three of the girls:

In Java—and probably many other places—the Japanese went to the homes of good families and offered attractive daughters the opportunity of attending occupational schools—clothes designing and modeling and the like—at Japanese expense. The girls were given contracts to sign and promised jobs after finishing the courses. The group of which these three girls were a part set out happily from Soerabaja, believing they were on their way to Tokyo. At Tarakan some were taken off the ship and forced into a brothel. The remainder continued, apparently to meet a like fate elsewhere.

The girls lived and were visited by Jap soldiers in miserable, small huts. The brothel master was an Indonesian collaborationist whom they called Ali Baba after the leader of the 40 thieves of the Arabian Nights. (In the Far East version of those tales Ali Baba is far more cruel than in the English translations). Ali Baba cursed and beat and starved them. And when the liberating Allies approached, it was Ali Baba who told the girls that they would be killed either by the Indonesians (all natives are lumped as Indonesians) or by Allied troops. Partly by this persuasion and partly by force he induced them —some pregnant and others with children—to accompany the retreating Japanese into the hills where many died under fire bombs or in caves sealed by flamethrowers.

As a result of our bombing of installations and shipping, the Japanese, despite their desperate need for fuel oil, had not been able to use the Tarakan fields for several months. But some of the installations might have been easily repaired and they were careful on the approach of the Allies to complete destruction. They dropped casings into oil wells and followed them with charges of explosives.

Dutch technicians brought new equipment with them and as soon as the fields were recaptured they began to assess the damage and to repair it. Exactly how long the job will take is a secret. The Japs required about a year and a half to achieve 40 percent of the old 400,000-tons-a-month production, but they are described contemptuously by the Dutch as "pigs in a machine shop."

Value to the Allies of this and other East Indies oil, once it is flowing, is shown by the fact that a single tanker plying from Tarakan will be able, according to Dutch officials, to haul a tonnage equal to that of three or four operating the longer distance from the States.

Future battles in the East Indies, military authorities predict, will follow the pattern set at Tarakan. Landing problems and terrain will be much the same. The Japs will destroy everything in sight, but they can hope for no supplies or reinforcements, and they will have to dig in or retire into jungles. If they choose to dig in they will be, as usual, dug out, and if they go deep into the jungles, of which vast stretches are still uncharted, they will have to do business with head-hunters who shoot poisoned arrows and for many years have not been able to get nearly as many heads as they would like.

This is good.

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Stratford-on-the-Beam

By Cpl. EDMUND ANTROBUS
YANK Staff Correspondent

STRATFORD-ON-AVON, ENGLAND — People here used to say that the average American tourist could do the town so fast he was able to leave on the same train on which he arrived.

The war has given this quip added punch. For there are even more American tourists in Stratford than there were in peacetime, and the speed with which some of them do the town has stepped up proportionately.

The first day I was there, two lieutenants pulled up in a winterized jeep, stuck their necks out of the window and yelled, "Where's Shakespeare's home?"

I was standing 100 yards from it. "Over there," I shouted.

The driver let out the clutch and shot off as if he were reporting to a command post.

Seconds later I saw them pull up, scramble out of the jeep and point their cameras at the Public Library, a fine old 16th-century house four doors from the birthplace. They drove off, apparently satisfied. Probably they will never know how close they were to getting a picture of the real thing.

All this the natives accept with stoic calm, for the basic industry of Stratford has always been the American tourist.

Right now the Information and Education Section of the Army, by an arrangement with the British Council, is making it possible for GIs to soak up culture in Stratford on a seven-day "leave course," during which they can hear lectures on Shakespeare by drama critics, professors and authors, tour all the local points of interest and attend a play at the Memorial Theater every night. Although they have only a week, these GIs cover enough territory in and around Stratford to make a Bedouin tribesman look like a piker.

Cpl. Joseph F. Carroll of Boston, Mass., who was sipping a cup of tea in a rather luxurious lounge at the British Council Center, said that he is definitely in favor of organized culture of this kind. The reason for this, he said, is due to his having been given the run-around when he visited the town in February during the closed season before the Shakespearean Festival had started.

"I was expecting to see at least *King Lear* at the Memorial Theater," he said, "but what did they have but some play called, of all things, *The Bishop Misbehaves*. It was advertised as 'Fun in Palace and Pub. A Jet-Propelled Laughter Rocket.' You can imagine how disillusioned I was."

But this time, skillfully shepherded by the British Council, he had been everywhere and seen everything. At tea he was joining in a discussion on the architecture of the Memorial Theater, which is quite a controversial subject in Stratford. It was built in 1926 after the old theater had burned down. The money was raised by public subscription, two-thirds of it coming from the States. The building is modern and some of the natives think a 16th-century copy would have been more in keeping with Shakespeare. Those who criticize it say it is garish, too modern and call it the "jam factory" or the "barracks."

GIs, however, have nothing but praise for the new theater. All they want to know is why it's not boosted to the sky.

"The trouble with you people," one GI declared, "is you know nothing about publicity. If I had this place I'd plaster the town with billboards and neon lights saying, 'This Way to Shakespeare's Memorial Theater.' You should at least have direction signs all the way up from the station. I have seen a lot of quite unassuming roads," he went on, "which lead to such places as Anne Hathaway's cottage and Mary Arden's home. If this were the States they would be four-lane super highways."

"Yeah, with hot dog stands, no doubt," another GI broke in angrily. "If I had this theater, I'd tuck it away in the woods behind the town. I'd make people find it. It's *worth* finding."

Although the town may not be publicity conscious, according to American standards, it certainly makes capital out of everything that looks old or rickety. One stationery store has a sign on the door, "This is an old 16th-century house. Note carving on the woodwork."

"If you don't believe Shakespeare wrote the plays, etc., etc."

The next day I went to Shakespeare's old home. It was teeming with GIs in frivolous worship of the poet's relics. They scooted through the rooms peering at his chair, his desk and the bills, contracts and summonses which carried his faded signature.

UPSTAIRS an old gentleman beckoned to us to gather around. "If you don't believe Shakespeare wrote the plays," he chanted mechanically, "look in the first edition and read the preface by Ben Johnson: 'To the memory of my beloved and what he has left us,'" he quoted.

One of the GIs asked to see the first edition.

"It's in London, sir. The insurance company thought it would be safer if it were kept there over the holidays. There are a lot of thieves in Stratford. We value the first edition at twenty-one thousand pounds."

Like Sidney Greenstreet, he injected "sir" with a rising inflection in almost every sentence.

"Do people still claim that Bacon wrote Shakespeare?" one GI asked, getting in the swing of things.

"Oh yes, sir," the old man replied solemnly. "The Baconists are heavily endowed. That's what keeps them going."

"Have any Americans come in here who claimed Bacon was Shakespeare?" the GI asked.

"No, sir," the old man answered unhesitatingly. "Sixty thousand American soldiers have visited this house in the past year and I have found them all very cultured indeed. Although," he added as an afterthought, "it *was* an American lady* who started the Baconist movement. However, she died in a lunatic asylum."

At the end of his speech the old man told us he had been in this business 50 years.

As we left, a new batch of GIs gathered around. "If you don't believe Shakespeare wrote the plays . . ." he began in the same reverent monotone.

"Boy," said Cpl. Sam Sobel of Paterson, N. J., when we were outside, "if you even had a suspicion that Shakespeare didn't write Shakespeare you'd never get out of this town alive."

On Friday nights, at least half the audience in the Memorial Theater are convalescing American soldiers. Bus loads of them are brought in from nearby hospitals. Last month, one of these men, Sgt. Leroy Luce of New York City, wounded on the Western Front, had the surprise of his life. When the curtain went up he saw his sister on the stage, Miss Claire Luce, the American actress, who is not related to the congresswoman from Connecticut. They hadn't seen each other for more than three years, and until that moment neither knew of the other's whereabouts. He ran backstage to see her at the end of the first act.

Appropriately, the play was *Twelfth Night* and Miss Luce was playing "Viola," the girl who is long separated from her brother but who meets him unexpectedly in the last scene. The next day the local papers had a field day with a big headline, TWELFTH NIGHT IN REAL LIFE, which ran above the picture of Miss Luce greeting her brother.

Aside from the plays and the lectures there is a lot to do in the town. GIs stay at the Red Cross and can go bicycle riding, horseback riding, or punting on the Avon. There are no MPs in town and it's a pretty restful way to spend a week's leave.

Everything seems to harmonize to make the "leave course" smooth and peaceful. On the day I left I ran into a couple of GIs with whom I had witnessed a performance of *Anthony and Cleopatra*. I offered to take their picture, but they said they couldn't wait, as they had dates with two school mistresses.

"Where did you pick them up?" I asked inquisitively.

"Please!" one of them said. "You don't pick up women in Stratford."

*Delia Bacon (1811-1855), born in Tallmadge, Ohio.

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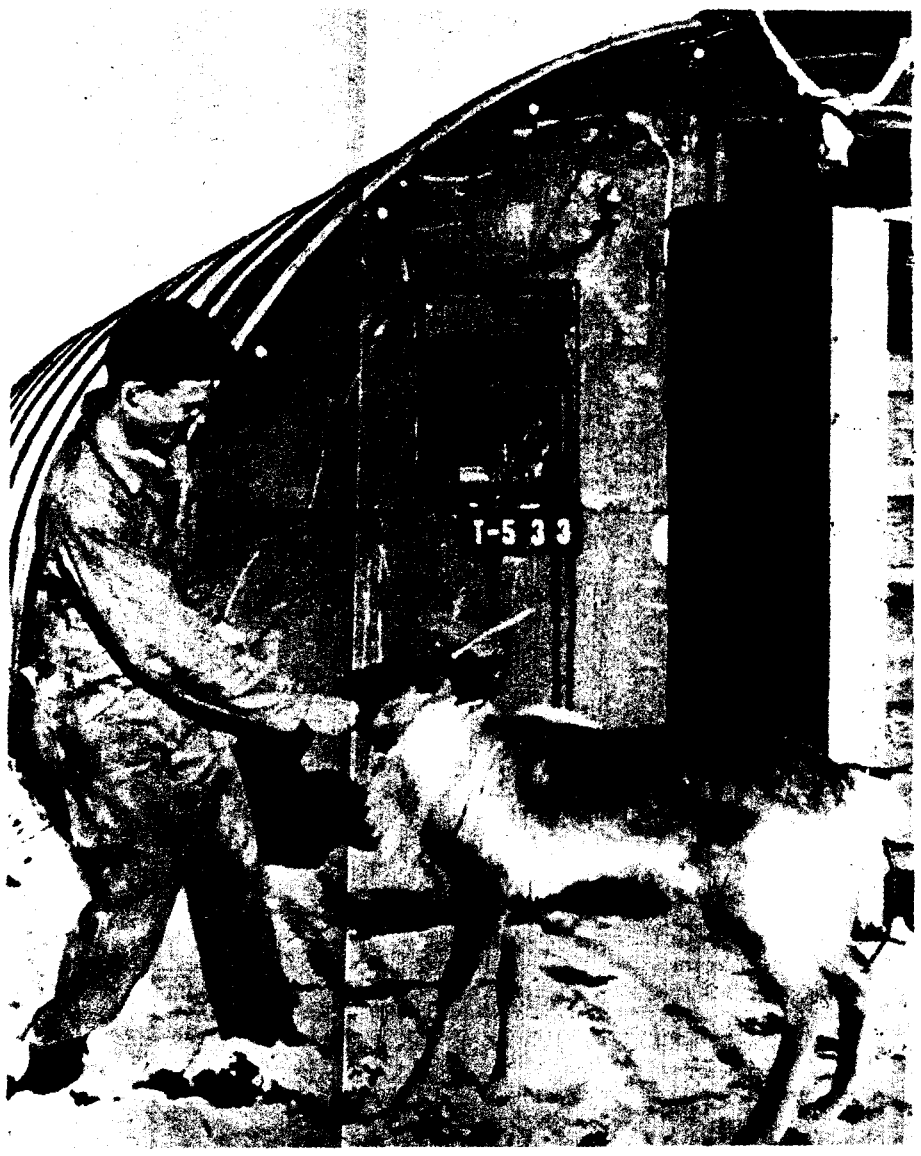
Alaskaleut Newsreel

First walrus seen in Dutch Harbor for many years rests on an Army dock.

An officer introduces some naive Aleutian dogs to newly planted trees.

Front Row Head Rests, M1, aid spectators at this GI show in Aleutians.

Hedy, pet Caribou at APO 983, gets chow from Cpl. Robert Thompson.



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Yanks in Alaska

Eskimo hunters of St. Lawrence gather round their catch, a large and now-dismembered whale.

Whale Hunt

ST. LAWRENCE ISLAND, ALASKA—A pfc on a routine flight got a look at a rare and non-routine event at the Eskimo village of Gambell on this island.

Pfc. Thomas Forsyth of Los Angeles, Calif., was crewman in a plane that landed here just as Eskimos were bringing in their first whale of the season for butchering—with appropriate festivities. Forsyth was the only EM to see the fun, since the rest of the plane load was brass.

The Eskimos went whale-hunting in sealskin boats equipped with American outboard motors. They scored a hit with a brass-tipped harpoon equipped with an explosive charge. The whale was killed instantly.

It took the entire manpower of the village to bring the whale ashore. Fifteen boats hooked on, and used paddles to help their struggling put-put motors. Then the village went to work on the whale carcass, converting it into food for storage for humans and dogs, and into clothing and building material.

Other military personnel who were guests at the whale-butchering included F/O Wesley Althaus of Lowell, Mich., Capt. Kendall Gregory of Oakland, Calif., and Lt. Col. Irwin Waldman of New York City.

—YANK Staff Correspondent

Special Mail Call

AN ALEUTIAN OUTPOST—Five men stationed here got four months' mail on its way, running water in their hut, and an automatic feed for their oil stove, when a P-38 crashed near this lonely island outpost.

Mail leaves here only twice each year, once in the summer and once in late fall, when the rugged tides are peaceful enough to let a boat come near shore. But when the P-38 crashed the pilot left in three days, and he carried four months' mail out with him.

The pilot was Lt. Arthur W. Kidder Jr. of Denver, Colo., who made an emergency landing on the beach here after losing contact with his home base. He was on an altitude test hop when a sudden Aleutian fog closed in everything beneath him. He found this island when he had only three minutes' gasoline left.

Lt. Kidder landed his plane on its belly on the only smooth stretch of beach on the island. It soon skidded to a stop. He suffered only minor cuts on his head.

It was the second airplane ever to land on this island, whose population is five GIs. A Jap fighter crashed on the beach here during the Nip invasion of the Aleutians three years ago.

The outpost GIs spotted the distressed P-38 circling their island for a landing. They were down to the beach to meet it, and one of them took movies of the plane coming in on its belly.

Lt. Kidder spent three days with the five soldiers, who radioed his headquarters that he was safe. He had been given up for lost at his home base. The Navy sent a crash boat out to pick him up, but it had to circle for nearly two days to get near enough to make the rescue. Lt. Kidder paddled out to meet it in a rubber life raft, a maneuver which, in the high tides and jagged reefs, was almost as dangerous as the belly landing.

The wrecked P-38 is mostly unsalvageable because of the transportation problem, so Lt. Kidder showed the outpost men how to use its gasoline pumps to bring water into their hut from a stream. Also, the oil lines can be used for a gravity feed for their stove. All valuable instruments and equipment were removed and stored for later salvage.

The lieutenant left with his head still bandaged. He's a veteran flier from the Italian campaign, and has four Nazi planes to his credit. He holds the DFC and the Air Medal with nine clusters.

Since he got back to his base he's taken plenty of kidding about how he's now an ace, with "four Nazi planes and one P-38."

The outpost men were happy to have a visitor, and also very glad to get rid of their mail. Most of them had been writing at least a letter each day, even though it wasn't going to leave for six months. That's one of the worst things about the outpost deal. They have a little trouble holding girl friends in the States when there's a six months' gap in letters from the Aleutians.

Lt. Kidder carried the accumulated mail, about 500 letters, out through the surf in a five-gallon milk can. When he got to home base he had to censor all of them himself. It took him four nights, from dinner to midnight, to finish the censoring job.

—Sgt. RAY DUNCAN
YANK Staff Correspondent

'Mercy Ship'

AN ALEUTIAN BASE—Fifteen men with the highest "magic numbers" left this island for the States and a discharge. They got a special plane, a brass-band send-off, and a farewell handshake from the island's commanding general, in ceremonies typical of all Aleutian posts sending out their first batches of point-system jackpot winners.

All men leaving this island had 100 points or more. The band played *This Is The Army* as the lucky 15 men fidgeted at the airport, waiting for their plane to take off.

Close friends of the departing men were allowed to see them off at the plane. Many officers also were present for an envious handshake.

The "mercy plane," as GIs called it, was specially sent from Alaskan Department Headquarters to rush high-point men back to the Alaskan mainland for shipment to the States. Other planes picked up men from other Aleutian islands.

A tech sergeant who was 16th highest on the list was at the airport too, with his bags all packed, just in case one of the first 15 failed to show up. But everyone was there, about an hour ahead of time.

No formal ceremonies were held. The group had a short formation in which they were told what to expect when they left the island. Then they were given letter orders with the magic words, "You are reld fr pres asgmt and asgd to Rec Sta."

The soldier with the highest number of points on the island wasn't in the departing group. M/Sgt. Leslie A. Burk of Lexington, Ky., who has 122 points, chose to stay in the Army, which has been his home for the past 14 years.

This post had a hard time rounding up some of its potential civilians. One of them, T-4 Charles A. Johnston of Worcester, Mass., was stationed on a remote outpost. When word came through by radio that he was to leave he had to be picked up by a Navy crash boat, which was rushed out to get him. Other men were hard to locate because severe storms had temporarily damaged communications to outpost areas.

Highest point men in the 15 who left were S/Sgt. Vernon C. Austin of Eastport, N. Y., and Pfc. Harvey D. Long of Carlsbad, N. M. Each had 120 points.

Others in the group were M/Sgt. Melvell M. Lamb of Tacoma, Wash.; T/Sgt. Coleman Diviney of San Francisco, Calif.; S/Sgt. Donald W. Torcaso of Wenatchee, Wash.; Sgts. James A. Blair of Chatham, Va., and John T. Romine of Walla Walla, Wash.; T-4s Leonard V. Ahrens of Redwood Falls, Minn., and Frank Summers of Glendale, Calif.; T-5s Edward A. Pointer of Portland, Oreg.; Alonzo Coulbourne of Milton Del., and James Witt of Wolf Point, Mont.; and Pfcs. Herman Biggers of California, and Grady Sheppard of Avera, Ga.

Eight of the 15 were Regular Army men. Four were former National Guardsmen, two were draftees and one an enlistee. Most of their outfits staged impromptu farewell parties.

The departing troops took their good fortune soberly, and there was little outward rejoicing at the airport as they left. Most of them are old-timers in the Army who learned from experience not to celebrate prematurely. When the general gave them that farewell handshake, they had their left-hand fingers crossed behind their backs.

—YANK Staff Correspondent

Dogs of War

NORTHWAY—Civil War hostilities—the Gone-With-the-Wind Civil War—have flared anew in this unlikely outpost. Dame Yankee and Johnny Reb, sister and brother husky puppies acquired by the QM detachment of this post, are fighting the war tooth and baby-nail during all their waking hours.

Cpl. Ed Alcott of New Jersey is supposed to be in Yank's corner and T-5 Benny Greer of South Carolina in Rebel's for the running match, but it isn't a fair war. Both QMers are partial to the Rebel because he is scrawnier than his sister. He has suffered from a siege of worms. And like good Americans, Alcott and Greer are for the underdog, or under-puppy.

YANK Field Correspondent

YANK ALASKA EDITION

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The Picture Business

War-time restrictions result in sets made from chewing gum and glue, but cameras bravely continue to grind out epic after epic.

By Pvt. JAMES P. O'NEILL
YANK Staff Writer

LOS ANGELES—The only thing head waiters in Hollywood used to have over their fellow workers in New York City was a carefree manner. Head waiters in the movie colony never had to think twice about placing people at the right tables; it was simply a matter of money brackets. You seated five-grand-a-weekers in the first row, three-grand-a-weekers in the second row, and so on down the line until you arrived at the five-hundred-a-week slave to whom you gave a seat in the men's room or just quietly threw out.

But the war has changed things, and nowadays there are enough five-grand-a-weekers to fill the Hollywood Bowl. It's a situation that is driving Hollywood head waiters nuts. There is the sad report, for example, of a former maitre d'hotel at Romanaoff's who, vacationing in a strait-jacket at a Beverly Hills sanatorium, keeps muttering to himself, "Go to hell, Mr. Mayer; no tables. Go to hell, Mr. Mayer; no tables."

No doubt about it, business in Hollywood is booming these days. You have only to compare the gross take of a peace-time year with that of 1944 to get the idea. In 1941, box offices throughout the U. S. raked in $684,000,000; last year that figure was almost doubled. Besides giving the industry a boom, the war has changed its manners and its traditions; the war, too, has brought Hollywood shortages, responsibility and Lauren Bacall.

You can't get the complete picture from fiscal reports. They fail to note such significant signs of the times as that an eatery on Sunset Strip is paying its dishwashers $7.50 a day or that extras whose mouths once watered at the mention of a day's work have become so snobby that Central Casting has instructed its switchboard girls to be polite to these low-caste members of the colony. "Never thought I'd see the day," one official said recently, "when the motto at Central Casting would be, 'The extra is always right.' It's about time those people got a break."

MAYBE it's because people haven't the gas to get out of town and maybe it's because it gives them the jitters just to sit by their radios and worry, but whatever the reason, movie houses that once were in the habit of booting out B pictures after a three-day run are now holding them for as long as three weeks, and any decent A release gets a box-office play that would make "Gone With the Wind" seem a flop.

The natural reluctance of exhibitors to change their marquee billing while a picture is still packing them in has caused most studios to slow down production. Most of them have a 6-to-8-month backlog of pictures. Quickie producers, those gentlemen who hang out on Gower Street making pictures out of a cigar and a promise, are in the chips and are seeing the inside of the Brown Derby for the first time in their lives.

One of these gentlemen got a little too money-hungry not long ago and is currently in court facing a suit filed against him by Noah Beery Jr. It seems the cuff-producer hired the actor at the handsome rate of $300 a day, placed him in front of a camera, and kept shooting him in various poses, with and without a black mask. After a single day of this, the producer paid Beery his 300 fish and bade him goodbye.

"I thought it was funny for that guy to hire me just for one day," Beery later said, "but I didn't think anything more about it until friends began to tell me how terrific I was in a serial called 'The Masked Rider.' Then I found out that this guy had used a masked extra through a series of 12 pictures, adding at the end of each chapter a picture of my undraped kisser."

Hollywood has its share of troubles during the war, by far the most important of which have been the drastic Government restrictions on supplies. Film, gasoline and lumber allotments were cut almost in half after Pearl Harbor, and art directors were ordered to limit the cost of sets to an average of $5,000. The studios received practically no nails at all and each studio was limited to a meager two pounds of hairpins a month. As a matter of fact, the shortage of nails and hairpins, trivial though such items may seem, at one point nearly stopped production. Carpenters were frantically pasting sets together with glue, and glamor girls had to let down their hair, Hays office or not.

So far as nails were concerned, the answer came from an enterprising carpenter who invented a Rube Goldberg device to pull them out of used lumber. It looked like something to smash atoms with but it did the trick and straightened the nails in the bargain.

To beat the hairpin shortage, studio hairdressers checked hairpins out as carefully as if each one of them were a Norden bombsight. Every night, actresses to whom mink coats are trifles were ordered to return their hairpins to their hairdressers, who sterilized the pins and then doled them out again the next day.

The film shortage was the toughest to beat. Directors found themselves hamstrung in the number of takes they could shoot; no longer was a temperamental megaphone genius permitted to shoot the same scene 50 times. Actors were ordered to come to the sets prepared to face the camera with a polished version of their roles. Delmar Daves, a director at Warner Brothers, feels that in the long run the film shortage has been a boom to Hollywood. "The actors have had to know their lines," he says, "and it's made for less sloppy acting."

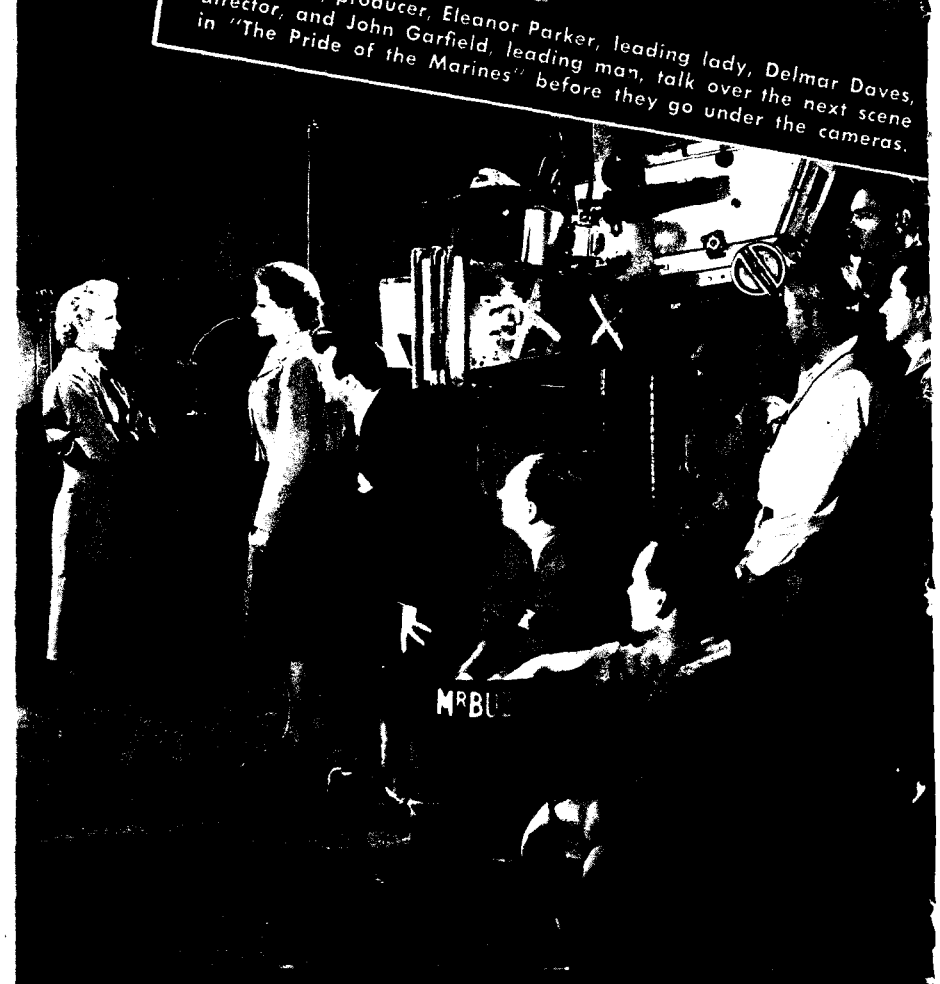
The restrictions inevitably brought many other changes to the industry. Art directors who once guarded secrets with their lives became real neighborly and borrowed sets from one another with the chummy nonchalance of a mess sergeant borrowing a cup of sugar from the next mess hall. Instead of building sets that would do for just one picture, studios took to designing them so that, with a little face-lifting, a middle-class home in Middletown could overnight become a swanky estate on Long Island. In one such instance, Warner Brothers by spending no more than chicken feed converted a set it had used as the humble home of a Philadelphia defense worker in "The Pride of the Marines" into the smart kiss-coop of a Pasadena playboy in "Mildred Pierce."

Tailoring its needs to conform with curtailed supplies is by no means the only way in which Hollywood has shown that it knows there's a war on. The movie industry has donated no less than 53,960 prints to overseas troops, half of them prints of full-length features. In addition, the Hollywood Victory Committee, in conjunction with the USO Camp Shows, has been supplying "live" talent right along to troops at home and overseas. To date, the total GI attendance in the U. S. alone has come to well over 60,000,000. No figures for attendance overseas are available, but USO performers have traveled more than 2,000,000 miles to entertain troops.

EVER since the Horsley brothers leased the old Blondeau Tavern and barn at Sunset and Gower in 1911 in which to produce the first movie in Hollywood, the star has been the most important element in cinema business. The war hasn't changed the system much. To be sure, the five top box-office names of 1944—Betty Grable, Bing Crosby, Gary Cooper, Spencer Tracy and Roy Rogers—are old favorites, but on the other hand there are a lot of new and already-famous faces around the lots these days.

The studios are giving the male contingent of this new talent the same old ballyhoo build-up, but with a new twist, generally believed to be based on the swooning fad started by The Voice, Frank Sinatra. Nowadays a male star is plugged in direct proportion to the number of girls who faint at the sight of him. In most instances, the press agent of a new glamor girl must get her

Jerry Wald, producer, Eleanor Parker, leading lady, Delmar Daves, director, and John Garfield, leading man, talk over the next scene in "The Pride of the Marines" before they go under the cameras.



Actresses Lana Turner and Laraine Day rehearse a scene in a Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer picture about the Wacs. Eddie Buzzell is directing them.

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Here's proof that they can still pick 'em out in Hollywood. These girls were chosen by MGM to act in the Ziegfeld Follies. Wardrobe women are getting them ready for a coming number.

known as THE something or other if his client hopes to get very far.

The outstanding male star to rise in the past two years is Van Johnson, a tow-headed, not too pretty-looking fellow with an amiable grin. Johnson was apparently headed for a B-picture career at MGM until the war wiped away this studio's top layer of actors. When MGM lost Jimmy Stewart, Clark Gable and Robert Taylor, it started looking for a new face. Johnson, physically unfit for military service because of a head injury he suffered in an automobile crash, was the most promising male on the lot. The studio gave him a grand send-off, and Johnson has taken care of himself very nicely.

The new lovelies of the screen are known as The Shape, The Face, The Eye, The Nose, The Foot and, privately, by more intimate parts of the human anatomy. By far the most successful THE girl to make her debut in the past few years is The Look, who signs her name Lauren Bacall. Lauren, a Warner Brothers property, is a blonde-haired chick with a tall, hippy figure, a voice that sounds like a sexy foghorn and a pair of so-what-are-you-going-to-do-about-it eyes.

Miss Bacall's success has caused quite a commotion in her studio. After the release of her first picture, "To Have And To Have Not," all the pretty girls who have replaced boys as messengers at Warner Brothers started emulating The Look, slinking around with long hair and defiant eyes and delivering messages in voices that sounded like young frogs in mating season.

Another cinema bombshell is Yvonne De Carlo, alias The Veil. She is a little [illegible] from Canada who has appeared in only one picture, "Salome, Where She Danced," but that was enough to set the boys whistling as she unpeeled a mean shape, removing seven veils and acquiring a name.

REALISTS have found encouragement in the fact that screen writers, when they attempt to get their teeth into the war itself, are beginning to realize that combat doesn't consist exclusively of one or two handsome American heroes, very much alive, and millions of dirty Japs, very much dead. Instead of just taking a 4-F writer's idea of combat, the studios are bringing in technical advisors who have been under fire.

One of the most realistic pictures to come out of Hollywood recently, "Objective Burma," was a product of this new technique. GIs with combat stars may complain that there are a few too many dead Japs even in this one, but if so, they've got only former comrades-in-arms to blame, for Jerry Wald, who produced the picture, went out and hired discharged combat veterans to guide him. As a result, the soldiers in "Objective Burma" look like real doughs and react to combat like so many Mauldin characters.

"I had these veterans mingle with the extras," Wald says. "I made them show the other actors exactly what happens in the line, or as much as you can show without actually being there.

"I put it to these former GIs this way: 'This war is grim enough without us phoneying it up. When you were over there you saw pictures about war that embarrassed you. Well, don't let's do that here. If you don't like anything yell and we'll change it.' The kids yelled plenty and we listened."

Such instances are becoming commonplace nowadays. Last winter a GI just back from the Pacific was having lunch with a producer and happened to mention eating out of a 10-in-1 ration box. "What the hell is that?" the producer asked. The GI explained, at which the producer leaned forward earnestly and pleaded with him not to tell anyone else. "It'll wow 'em. A 10-in-1 box, imagine!"

One of the most striking changes in the industry during the past three years has been the rise of the independent producer. Studio people say that the lone wolf has come into his own largely for two reasons. One is that New York bankers these days will back almost any picture anyone cooks up and the other is that the capital-gains system of paying taxes has been found to be a highly thrifty one. "Backing a picture today," said a Wall Street gent recently, "is safer than betting Hoop Jr. to show." As for that matter of taxes, a producer working on a salary basis gets nicked in the higher personal-income brackets, but if he forms a corporation and produces independently, his profits will be taxed at the relatively low rate of 25 percent.

The lone-wolf craze is not confined to full-time producers alone. Writers, directors and actors are also going solo. Jimmy Cagney, Bing Crosby, Eddie Cantor and Ginger Rogers are just a few of the stars who have set up their own producing concerns. Sam Wood, who directed "For Whom The Bell Tolls" has formed his own unit and so has Preston Sturges, who wrote and produced "The Great McGinty." Right now, at least 71 producing units are competing with each other.

The prospect of watching temperamental stars produce their own pictures has the wise boys along Vine Street laughing. But they aren't the only ones who see the potential humor in the situation. Ginger Rogers, who has never been the easiest person to work with, has summed it up by saying: "Now I'll have to carry a mirror around the lot if I want to argue with anybody."

PICTURE trends remain stable, except that at the moment there's an unusual demand for horror pictures and for dramas based on the problems of returning servicemen. The titles of some of the recent releases in the first category speak for themselves—"Mad Ghoul" and "Lady and the Monster" are two typical ones. In the latter group have been such pictures as "I'll Be Seeing You" and "Enchanted Cottage." "I'll Be Seeing You," with Ginger Rogers and Joseph Cotten, concerned the fate of a veteran mustered out for psychoneurosis, while "Enchanted Cottage," with Robert Young and Dorothy McGuire, presented the problems of a soldier whose face had been disfigured in combat.

Now that the war in Europe is over, Hollywood is setting down in brass tacks its postwar plans which before VE-Day never got past the talking stage. Ten major studios have formulated a plan for the re-employment of the approximately 6,000 former studio workers who are now in the service. The basic plan is this: Every studio will hire a psychologist trained in personnel work whose main job will be to interview each returning former employee and figure out where he'll fit in best. Jobs will be adapted to the abilities of disabled veterans. Each ex-serviceman will be given at full pay all the sick-leave and vacation time that has piled up in his absence—a fairly juicy slice of the war-boom melon in any man's language.

Exhibitors all over the country, having already enjoyed a generous share of that melon, plan to build at least 1,000 theaters within the first two years after VJ-Day. There are no elaborate, Roxy-type houses on the schedule: most of the new theaters will be modest jobs accommodating from 600 to 1,000 persons.

The studios are also looking hopefully toward foreign markets. As the magazine *Fortune* pointed out in a recent article, foreign film rentals used to account for approximately 11 percent of the industry's profits. The studios are eager to begin picking up that lost 11 percent again. But here the outlook isn't too rosy because several European countries are planning to finance motion picture companies right in their own backyards.

But unless the postwar world turns out to be a whole lot different from the prewar world, Hollywood figures it can more than hold its own against outside competition.

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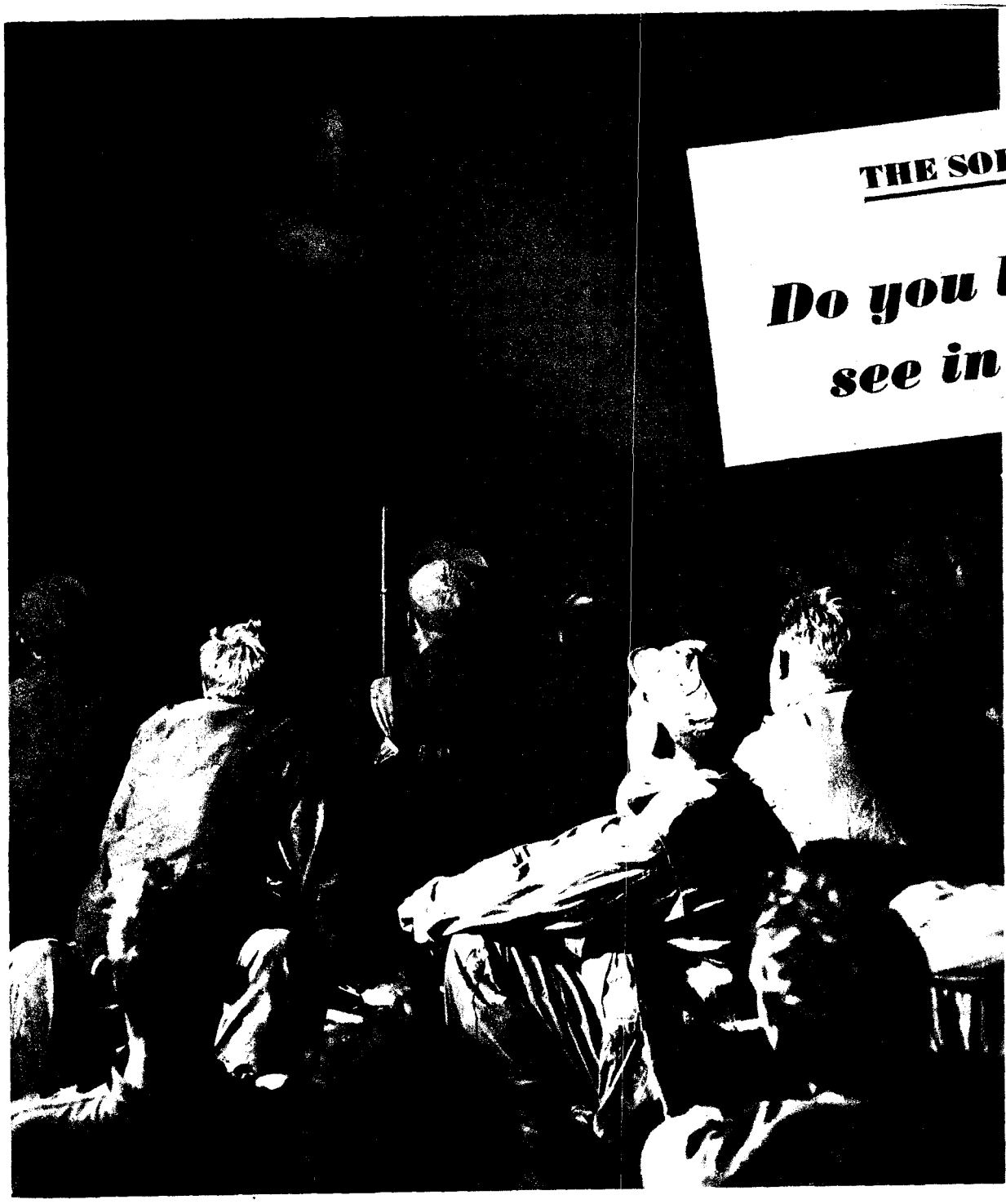

THE SOLDIER SPEAKS:

Do you like what you see in the movies?

Are You Kidding?

Do I like what I see in the movies? That's a laugh! All the falseness, the calumny and the hypocrisy in our fake culture reaches its climax in the Silver Screen of Hollywood. Where the cinema should serve as a glass to reflect life, our movies serve as a Coney Island comic mirror to distort it. The images are huge, grotesque, ludicrous and often hideous distortions of reality.

The frustrated female moons with rapt devotion at the wooden figure of a Taylor, a Scott, an Eddy, and she dreams of affairs with these two-dimensional blocks, these pale shadows of real men. The drab male fills his limited imagination with images of Grable or Montez or Lamour—legs, bust and torso—and substitutes them for his equally drab wife. The buck-toothed skinny store clerk looks at Crawford dressed in sables and sees herself. The meek Mr. Milquetoast gawks open-mouthed at the swashbuckling Flynn and sees himself flourishing the broadsword and putting enemies to rout.

In short we have become a nation of neurotics thanks in large measure to the pernicious misconceptions and misrepresentations of Hollywood's moguls. The main reason for this evil is the fact that movie magnates think with monotonous regularity that bigness is a substitute for beauty, quantity for quality, stupendousness for sensitivity, money for mood and a happy ending for truth. Until they realize the element of beauty in the simple and homely and the amount of dramatic suspense in the subtle, there can be no escape for us.

The producers who realize the meaning of good taste and good drama can be counted on the fingers of one hand—John Ford with "The Informer," "The Long Voyage Home," "The Grapes of Wrath"; Pare Lorentz with "The River" and "The Plough that Broke the Plains"; Orson Welles with his "Citizen Kane"; Chaplin with "The Great Dictator" and "Modern Times"; and the early Hitchcock. These are almost the only men who have reached a level of emotional maturity with the movies.

Germany —T-5 MARTIN H. SLOBODKIN

Misplaced Halos

Why don't the movie people get wise and make a first-class picture of the Infantry? When we go to the movies all we see is a halo around the Marines or the Navy. It shouldn't be, when everyone knows that more blood has been spilt in the Infantry than in any other branch of the service. It sure burns us ex-infantrymen up.

Camp Howze, Tex. —Pfc. LEONARD VILINSKY

Make It Real

I fought in Italy and France and whenever my outfit was not in the line we usually got a chance to see the movies. But the war pictures didn't seem like the real thing. Why not use reality in these pictures; why not show the real misery that the doughboys have to go through; why not show how they really act when they are hit?

When the movies show the taking of a large town why not show how men have to sweat and die to take it and not just have a big hero walking in and claiming it for the Allies without anything happening to him? Of course imagination helps with many pictures, but if you are going to have a picture about reality why not make it out of the truth?

France —Pvt. EDWARD FRANK

Listen to the Soldiers

I like the movies pretty well. If Hollywood doesn't always succeed in meeting the GI's tastes, then it is probably because the movies have to please two kinds of audiences. For example, a picture describing suffering on the home front appeals to many civilians but a considerable portion of the average GI audience is apt to walk out on it in the middle. Soldiers aren't unwilling to admit that the civilian life is not a pleasant one. They just don't like to have it rubbed in.

The surveys are probably right that soldiers prefer musical films. Music and comedy and beautiful girls add up to solid entertainment. The GI wants to laugh and forget his worries for a little while. He doesn't want cheap heroics. Servicemen overseas are now seeing almost as many feature-length movies in a year as a newspaper or magazine critic. They know their likes and dislikes, and when they come home they will probably go to more movies than they did before. So the film producers would do well to put an ear to the ground and catch some of the reverberations.

India —Cpl. RAY LOWERY

Hollywood Innocence

Hollywood is alert to the nation's purse but not to its pulse. The people making movies never did care to tread on anyone's toes even during normal times. A story must not antagonize any class of movie audience; it must not bend too far either to the left or right, and its expressions must not be conflicting. Hollywood's magnates are weak in realism. They don't seem to know what's going on outside of a script office.

The fellows out here laugh at the dialogue put into a soldier's mouth in the movies. GIs just don't talk that way. A fellow in a foxhole doesn't have to recite the Atlantic Charter to shoot straight. We know our job and we're doing it.

By the way, soldiers don't sing "Clementine" in the dayroom anymore. They just shoot crap.

Philippines —Cpl. HERBERT JOFFEE

The High Horse

At this time the movies have a job to do, just like the rest of us. It'll be a great day for America and the world if Hollywood gets on the beam and assumes its proper responsibility. If only the wheels running the film industry would learn what the war is about, the movies would improve. I think the trouble lies in that the American people and Hollywood itself have set the movie people above the average American in the past. Even though the actors and actresses go overseas they think they are doing something for the boys instead of realizing that all Americans are on the same plane, regardless of wealth or station.

Philippines —S/Sgt. GABE SANDERS

THIS page of GI opinion is a regular feature of YANK. A question for future discussion is "Is Universal Conscription Consistent with World Peace?" If you have any ideas on this subject send them to The Soldier Speaks Department, YANK, The Army Weekly, 205 East 42d Street, New York 17, N. Y. We will allow you time to get answers here from overseas by mail. The best of the letters we receive will be printed in a future issue.

This department is inviting letters from sailors to make up a guest-artist page for one issue. It will be called The Sailor Speaks and the question will be "Should the Navy Have the Same Discharge Plan as the Army?"

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PEOPLE ON THE HOME FRONT

R. Moss

By Sgt. BILL DAVIDSON
YANK Staff Writer

IN the railroad business they seem to have the peculiar custom of never calling anyone by his first name—just initials, like J. P. Wood or L. Lapidus. So to look at the roster of the New York Central System in New York City you would never guess that R. Moss is a female—blonde, young and, as one GI saw fit to put it, "sexy in a wholesome sort of way."

An increasing number of GIs have become aware of the fact that R. Moss is a female because it so happens that she is one of the first women many GIs have a chance to converse with on hitting the U. S. from overseas. It is for this reason, perhaps, that R. Moss is kept safely behind a barred window by the New York Central at all times.

R. Moss (the name, for the record, is Ruth) is one of the 55 war-vintage women ticket sellers in the Grand Central Terminal. She is assigned permanently to the "Military Window." A lot of Joes get sent to this window by the Army to pick up the railroad tickets that will take them home or to their new assignment.

Generally, such a Joe wanders about the big terminal too stunned to talk to anybody. Eventually, he reaches R. Moss, or one of the gals at the other two military windows, and has maybe his first chance since getting back to engage a woman in real conversation. The results are interesting.

One pfc from the Third Army waited patiently in line for half an hour or so. Finally, when he reached the window, he asked for his Pullman reservation. Miss Moss was in the process of making out the ticket when she looked up and almost fainted. The pfc was stuffing something under the bars of her window. That something was black, soft and fluffy—a lace nightgown from Paris.

"For *me*?" croaked R. Moss.

"No, for my wife," said the GI.

"Oh," said R. Moss.

"How do you think she'll like it?" the GI said, and glowed when R. Moss said his wife should like it fine.

Usually, returnees discuss their combat experiences, request information about the nearest bar, give dissertations on the inadequacy of powdered milk, furnish comparisons (with gestures) of foreign and American women and detail their family problems. Every GI whose wife is going to have a baby records that fact with Miss Moss.

Very recent returnees insist on making a symbol of R. Moss and reach through the bars to touch her for luck. Five or six times a week, she says, she lends money to GIs whom she has never seen before in her life. This ordinarily happens when a man comes in late at night after other sources of loans are closed. He comes to a window and says, "A furlough ticket to Utica, please."

"That will be $5, please," says Miss Moss. Whereupon the GI's face falls, indicating that the $3 in his hand is all he has. Whereupon R. Moss reaches into her purse and lends him the extra bucks.

Ninety-nine percent of R. Moss' GI debtors have paid off promptly upon returning to the terminal. In more than a year and a half of lending money to GIs at the military window, her net loss, she reports, has been only $2.05 and she expects to get that back some day, too.

Miss Moss's GI patrons appear to get a kick out of the fact that true military democracy is practiced at her window and that officers and men are treated on the principle of first come, first served. This practice causes the GIs to snicker and make funny faces behind the officers' backs, thus occasionally causing R. Moss to laugh unexplainedly in some lieutenant colonel's face.

Nearly every GI who reaches the window opens the conversation with some sort of gag about how long he has been waiting in line. These range from a common "I was drunk when I got in this line, but I'm sober now" to a fairly original if historically inaccurate "I've been standing here since this terminal was a gleam in Commodore Vanderbilt's eye."

Once a guy said, "I've been in line so long that I was a corporal when I started and I'm a sergeant now." This was true. While the man was waiting, a friend came up with orders, just published, conferring the new rank.

Then there was the time a civilian got into the line by mistake. When he reached R. Moss and read the ominous words, "Military Window," over the cage, he whisked away as if under sniper fire. "You'd think," said the tech sergeant behind him, "that the guy was going to be drafted here."

Sometimes a GI will take it into his head to call R. Moss by some such name as Gertie. The next man will hear this, and the next, so that R. Moss will become Gertie until quitting time.

Miss Moss wears ordinary business suits and dresses to work. She and the other girls used to wear anything they pleased. But one day R. Moss came in with bangs and a low-cut dress, so she wouldn't have to go home and change that night for a date. A few minutes after going on duty, R. Moss bent over the cash box. There was a near riot outside the window. J. J. Morrison, an assistant agent, came rushing out. "I don't know what you've got today, Miss Moss," he said, "but whatever it is, get rid of it."

After that there was an unwritten law among the girls against trick hair-dos and low-cut dresses.

Miss Moss came to the New York Central three years or so ago when everybody was being drafted and there was a wholesale rush to train women for men's jobs. She came to the big city after getting a degree in business administration at Ohio State University and doing social service work in her home town, Batavia, N. Y. The railroad put her in the first class of nine girls selected to learn how to become ticket sellers.

For nine weeks she went to lectures, took exams at a mock ticket window and was finally graduated to selling commuter tickets beginning at 5:45 A. M.

About a year and a half ago she was minding her own business when a man came up and nonchalantly tacked a sign over her cage saying "Military Window." She's been handling GIs ever since. Today she makes $188 a month. Like all the other female ticket sellers, she will be replaced as soon as the male ticket sellers come back to their old jobs from the armed forces.

R. Moss, who has two brothers in the Infantry, has managed in spite of everything to form and retain an abiding affection for all GIs. Her window, nonetheless, is the scene of constant biting repartee. "One must," she says, "do a little fencing and treat everyone exactly the same."

The only time she forgot this excellent bit of self-advice was when an Allied officer with a couple of stars came up and she thought he was a prominent foreign general or something. Being a good internationalist, she broke her neck to get him a compartment to Chicago. Then she found out that he was only a lieutenant and that he thought she went with the compartment.

After that, Miss Moss reverted once and for all to her old policy of treating generals like privates, and vice versa.

Pvt. Jack Kier is treated like a general at Miss Moss's window, and generals are treated like him.

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Doughs advancing on Shuri pass around a shell crater filled with water.

Pfc. David Ross with GI shoes he picked up from casualties for salvage.

Hauling water cans was a tough enough job, but the mud made it worse.

GIs of the 96th Division look over an embankment toward a Jap position.

They loaded this weasel with supplies and then tried to get to the front.

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MUD

As GIs struggled through mud to take the last Jap strongholds on Okinawa, YANK's Mason Pawlak CPhoM made these pictures.

Pfc. Carl Pierce checks a light machine gun inside his muddy foxhole.

This was a road before the rains came to bog down trucks in the mud.

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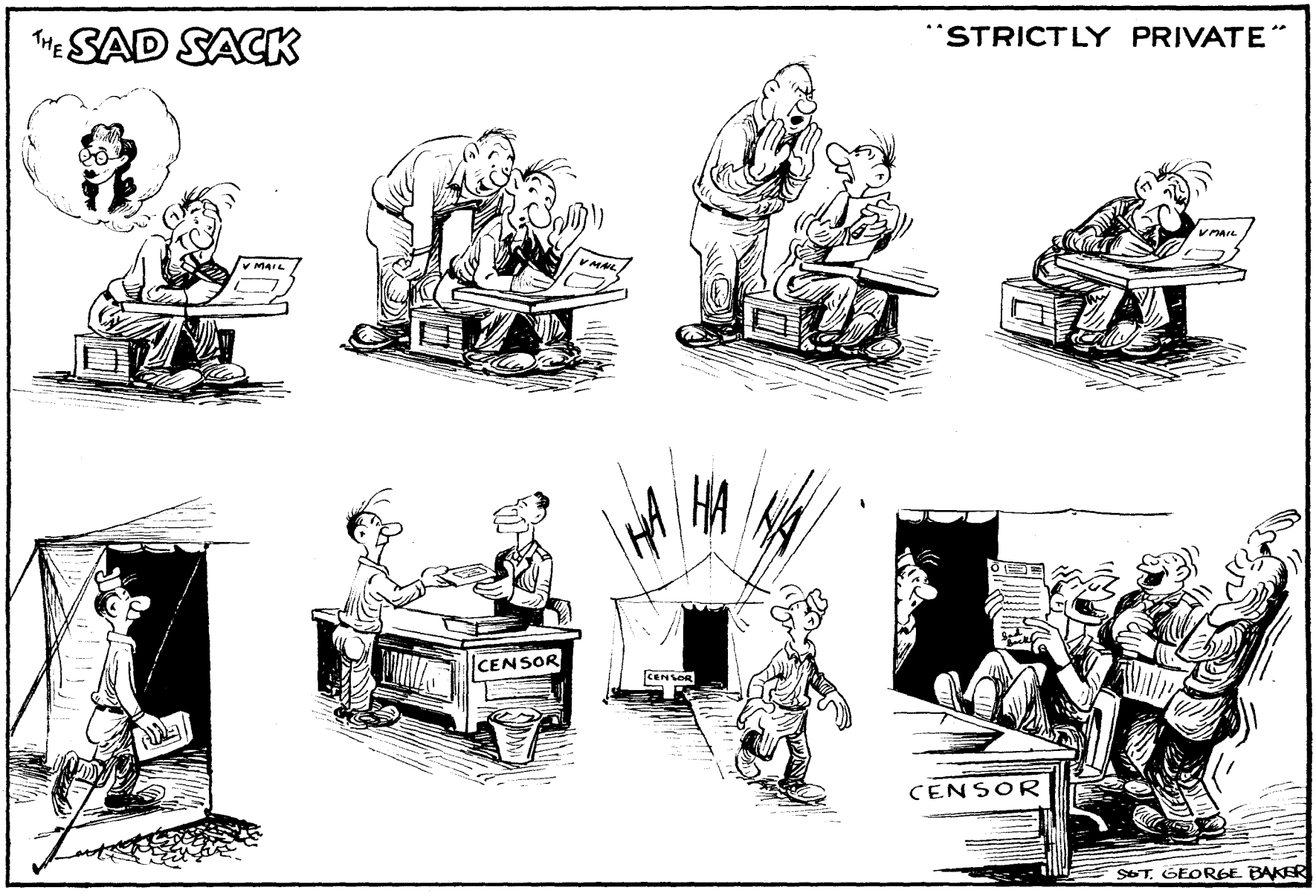


GI Bill of Rights

Dear YANK:

When I get out of service I am planning to go to school for a year and take a course in retailing. After that I would like to set up my own business. Will I be able to take advantage of both the educational provisions of the GI Bill of Rights and the business-loan provisions?

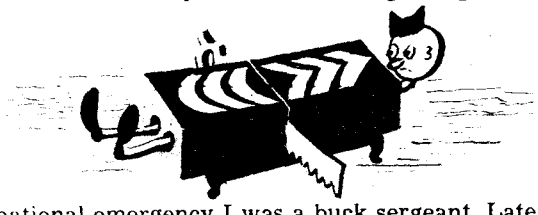
Marianas —Pvt. HERMAN B. EARLE

■ *You probably will. Veterans may take advantage of* two or more of the benefits of the GI Bill of Rights. All veterans who meet the 90-day qualifying provision of the law and who are not dishonorably discharged are entitled to one full year of free schooling. After that, if you can satisfy your bank and the Veterans' Administration that you have a reasonable likelihood of success in the business you are planning, you should be able to get a loan under the GI Bill of Rights.

Permanent Warrants

Dear YANK:

I am a Regular Army man with 12 years of service under my belt. At the beginning of the



national emergency I was a buck sergeant. Later, I was upped to T/Sgt. and my present rank is that of M/Sgt. What I can't get straight is this—my promotion to T/Sgt. was in the early part of 1942 and at the time I was told that that would be my permanent warrant. Now my commanding officer says that that is not correct and that my permanent warrant is buck sergeant. He contends that sometime during the summer of 1941 a regulation was issued which made all further promotions temporary and that no permanent grades could be granted after that date. Is he right, and what is the date?

India —M/Sgt. HOMER W. PRINCE

■ Your CO is right. All promotions of enlisted men after July 1, 1941 are temporary.

WHAT'S YOUR PROBLEM?

Letters to this department should bear writer's full name, serial number and military address.

Civil Service

Dear YANK:

Before I joined the Army I took a Federal Civil Service exam and got pretty far up on the list. Recently I was reading up on Civil Service rights of veterans and I found that vets are entitled to a five-point credit on Federal Civil Service exams. Since I took the exam before I entered the service, can I still get five points added to my score when I get out of the Army?

Philippines —S/Sgt. WARREN L. LERNER

■ If the list of eligibles for the job you are trying to get is still in existence at the time of your discharge, you will be permitted to have the five points added to your final score. To do that you will have to communicate with the United States Civil Service Commission and submit proof of your honorable discharge.

Proxy Marriage

Dear YANK:

A complete check of all the Army offices in this area has proved unavailing and almost in despair I put my case before you hoping that you will be able to help me. Here is my story. I was married by proxy in the State of Oklahoma. At the time I was told that the State recognized my marriage. Now I am told the government won't recognize it. However, my child is receiving $42 a month from the Office of Dependency Benefits but my wife is not getting any money. Try as I will, I can't seem to convince anyone here that I am legally married and that my wife should be getting the money. My insurance officer even refuses to let me put my wife down as beneficiary on my insurance. Is there any way you can help me straighten out this mess?

Italy —(Name Withheld)

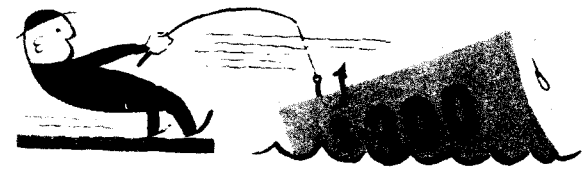
■ YANK cannot tell you whether your marriage is or is not legally valid. However, we can tell you that the Office of Dependency Benefits says that Oklahoma does not recognize proxy marriages. (The ODB will recognize any marriage that the State law recognizes. At the present time only two States, Kansas and Ohio, recognize proxy marriages.) The ODB checked with the Attorney-General of the State of Oklahoma and was informed that there was no court decision on the books validating such marriages. Therefore, at least by implication, Oklahoma's Attorney-General says that proxy marriages are not recognized in that State.

Oklahoma does, however, recognize contract marriages and one way out of your difficulty might be a contract marriage. See your legal assistance officer for full details on the procedure to be followed in such a case. Your insurance officer is correct when he tells you that your wife may not be named as a beneficiary of your GI insurance. Until such time that you have entered into a legally recognized marriage, your wife may not be named as beneficiary of your policy.

Mustering-Out Pay

Dear YANK:

I am over 40 and I have put in for a discharge under the recent regulation. I have looked at War Department *Circular 151 (1945)* which provides



for this type of discharge but I cannot find anything about mustering-out pay. Will I get my $300 or am I out of luck because I am going to get out at my own request?

Hawaii —Cpl. THOMAS O'NEILL

■ *You will receive your mustering-out pay. Enlisted men* discharged under the provisions of that circular are entitled to mustering-out pay (*Change 4, AR 35-2490*).

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News From Home

After bloody Okinawa a temporary lull came in Pacific ground fighting, but the Japs made it clear that they were the last people on earth who expected the lull to last. Jap preparations to meet an invasion that Tokyo evidently regards as inevitable were much talked about on the home front. So was redeployment, which was going faster than anticipated and giving the railroads a terrible headache. As for many weeks past, the nation talked about food shortages, as standard a topic of conversation as the weather. Other topics were cutbacks in manpower (in the past three months hundreds of thousands of war workers, including 500,000 in the munitions industry alone, have been let out) and further changes in the personnel of the Federal Government.

New Faces. On the eve of his departure for Europe and his first meeting with the other two members of the Big Three, President Truman could look back on numerous changes in the Government of which he became Chief Executive last April. Of the 10 men who were in the cabinet when Franklin D. Roosevelt died, only four were left. The latest change had come when Secretary of the Treasury Henry Morgenthau resigned after 11 years in office. Morgenthau will step aside when the President gets back from Europe. Then Fred M. Vinson, 55-year-old former Representative from Kentucky and more recently Director of the Office of War Mobilization, will take over.

Vinson will be second in line to the Presidency under the present succession law. First in line is the new Secretary of State, James F. Byrnes. The White House said that, if U. S. officials traveled to the Big Three meeting by air, Byrnes wouldn't take the same plane as the President.

Two other old faces disappeared from the official Washington scene. One was Supreme Court Justice Owen J. Roberts, member of the highest court since 1930. After the Roberts resignation

James F. Byrnes is sworn in as Secretary of State by Richard S. Whaley, Chief Justice of the U. S. Court of Claims. Mrs. Byrnes stands between them.

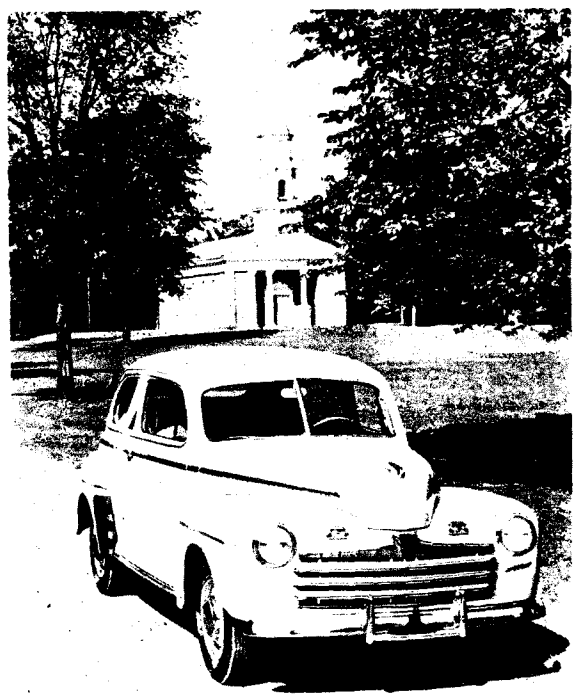
only one pre-Roosevelt court member, Chief Justice Harlan F. Stone, was left. Into retirement also went Harry Hopkins, who became WPA head in 1933. Later he was made Secretary of Commerce. No man in Washington was regarded as being closer to Franklin D. Roosevelt. As the President's confidential adviser, Hopkins carried out a number of important war missions. Long in bad health, he left a hospital bed to go to Moscow to pave the way for the first Truman-Stalin-Churchill meeting. If the U. S. press was right, Hopkins also did much to smooth out American-Soviet differences at the San Francisco conference and to make that gathering a success.

There was little doubt that under President Truman the Washington scene was rapidly changing. Although winning the war remained the greatest of national jobs, questions like peacetime international relations and peacetime domestic production loomed larger every day. No one seemed more keenly aware of this than the newly named Secretary of the Treasury Fred M. Vinson. He warned: "While we must keep our sights and our energies firmly fixed on the primary objective of victory, we must work toward transition, the kind of well-timed transition that will prevent depression from coming to us as the guest of peace."

To keep such an unwelcome guest off the national threshold would ultimately interest men now in uniform just as much as it was beginning to interest civilians.

The Major's Wife. All the front-page news wasn't on the level of war, reconversion and international relations. Even the staidest New York City papers and to a lesser extent papers throughout the country played up the killing of a sailor by the wife of a major in the quiet little town of New Canaan, Conn. The victim was Albert Kovacs, 19, who had served in the Pacific. He was shot and killed by Mrs. Imogene Stevens, 24, wife of Maj. George R. Stevens, who served with a paratroop outfit in the ETO, and previously the wife of Carl Funderberg, once a B-17 gunner.

Mrs. Stevens, held on a manslaughter charge, admitted the shooting but claimed it was self-defense. The coroner said that both Mrs. Stevens



THE NEW FORD. The Ford Motor Company turned out a 1946 model, paving the way for full reconversion to automobile production after the war. But it is unlikely that the new models will be turned out in large quantities for at least two years.

and Kovacs had been intoxicated at the time of the shooting and that she was emotionally upset because of a quarrel she had had with the wife of the neighbor in whose home the shooting occurred. The quarrel, according to the coroner, had been over "an illicit love affair" between Mrs. Stevens and the neighbor, Charles Milton.

Mrs. Stevens' story was that she had been at home when she heard noises in the Milton house. She found Kovacs and his brother, both strangers to her, and ordered them to leave. When they refused and, she said, tried to attack her, she fired. The surviving Kovacs, who said he and his brother had entered the Milton house to wait for a girl living there, insisted that Mrs. Stevens had fired without provocation.

Back from the ETO to his good-looking, dark-haired wife came Maj. Stevens. She had sent him a cable saying simply: "Come home at once." In jail the two met for the first time in many months, and the youthful major promised to stand by.

Stomach, GI. Down in Atlanta, Ga., Pfc. Chester J. Salvatori of Southbridge, Mass., had been eating the Army out of house and home. To him a breakfast of 60 eggs, a pound of cheese and 76 hot cakes was just a snack. He got to be known as "the man with the bottomless stomach."

Pfc. Salvatori's appetite became a matter of medical interest and of some concern to a public that isn't always able to get eggs. Army doctors examined the pfc. noting, among other things, that he was 5 feet 7 inches tall and weighed 140 pounds. The examination over, the doctors solemnly concluded that Salvatori's stomach wasn't any different from anybody else's. Said the commandant of Fort McPherson Post Hospital: "He is an exhibitionist who puts on this eating show for the benefit of his fellow soldiers. We have segregated him—taken him away from his audience—and we're feeding him under careful supervision."

Whether Salvatori's new diet would contribute noticeably to easing the food shortage remained to be seen.

IN BRIEF

To release more sleepers for carrying troops from east coast to west, the Office of Defense Transportation banned Pullmans for civilians on runs of less than 450 miles. . . . **New Haven, Conn.**, let it be known that use of DDT had rid the Yale Bowl, where the city's symphony orchestra plays, of mosquitoes. Formerly, the bowl was infested with the insects. . . . A Senate committee returned from Europe to declare that the Army and Navy ought to have permanent bases "at some points in the European theater" and also to find fault with "a lack of clearly established foreign policy over a long period of years." . . . In **Santa Ana, Calif.**, search was under way for the person who fired a small-caliber bullet at a Navy blimp. The bullet, fired from the ground, struck a Navy lieutenant in the leg. . . . Two **Cleveland** policemen saw a 14-year-old boy carrying a curious-looking object with a lot of mirrors, lenses and knobs. It turned out to be a Norden bombsight, which the kid had bought from a 17-year-old boy for 30 cents. The 17-year-old had bought it from still another boy, and the police were baffled by the whole business. . . . A young **Louisiana** husband, who couldn't stand the thought of a male doctor presiding at the birth of his first child, put his wife in an ambulance for a 200-mile dash to Dallas and the nearest woman doctor. The wife just made it. . . . **Belton, Mo.**, suffered when its only iceman quit. Now 10-year-old Dickie Quick is trying to serve the community by delivering ice in his toy wagon, pulled by his pet goat. . . . Citizens of **El Paso, Ill.**, have subscribed $28,000 to build a plant to be operated by veterans and bought by them on a payroll-deduction basis. What the plant will make hasn't been set.

NAMES IN THE NEWS

Cpl. Mickey Rooney became a father when his wife, the former Betty Jane Rase of Birmingham, gave birth to a 7-pound boy. . . . **Ex-Sgt. Bill Mauldin** sold the screen rights to his book, "Up Front," to Hollywood for a "top price." . . . The country was interested in the case of **Cpl. James Newman** of Fort Worth. Rescued from a Jap prison camp on Bataan, Newman suffers from beri-beri, malnutrition and tuberculosis. Doctors say he can't live. He says he can and is fighting for life in the home of his mother, who said: "He's going to get well; with people all over the nation praying for him, he can't miss." . . . The **Charles Chaplin-Joan Berry** paternity suit attracted attention again when she filed suit for more money for the support of her daughter, Carol Ann, who Chaplin insists is not his. . . . **Mayor Edward J. Kelly** of Chicago said the Windy City would campaign to become permanent capital of the United Nations. Chicago, he said, has a central world location and good air facilities. . . . **Col. Philip E. La Follette**, former Wisconsin governor, was released from the Army with 135 points. His points included 34 months in the Pacific, six battle stars and a Legion of Merit. . . . **Claude E. Wickard**, former Secretary of Agriculture, was sworn in as Rural Electrification administrator. He said his goal was to electrify 6,000,000 bulbless rural homes.

OVERSIZED PICKET. Sheriff Kirk S. King, 6 feet 2 and 300 pounds, set himself up as a one-man picket outside of his rationing board in Rockford, Ill., because local clothing stores said OPA regulations prevented them from fitting a customer his size.

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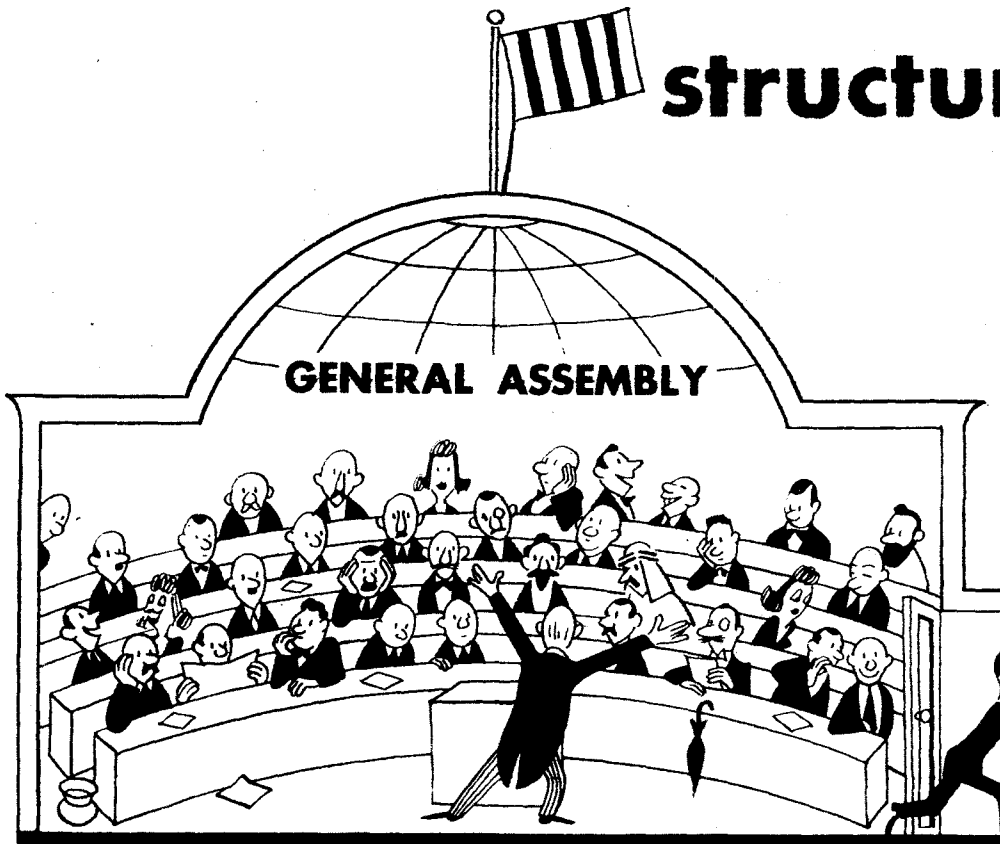
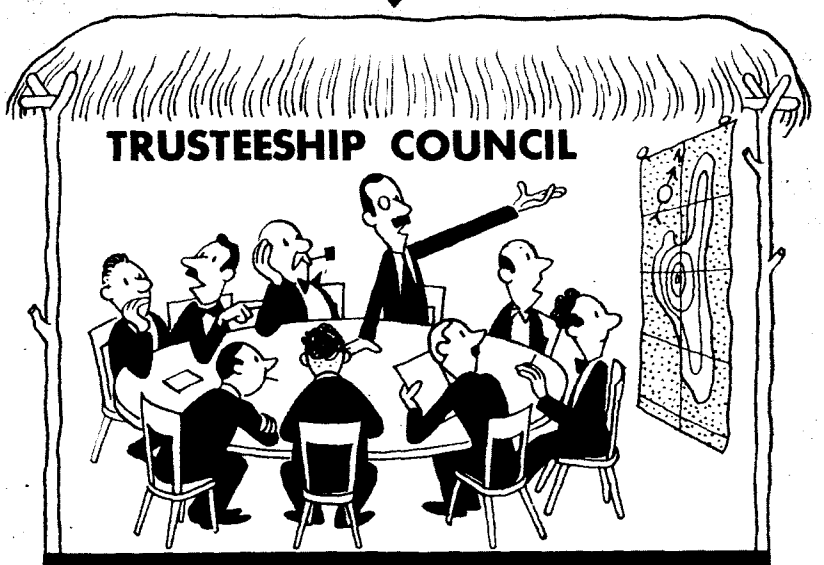
THE UNITED NATIONS

structure and function



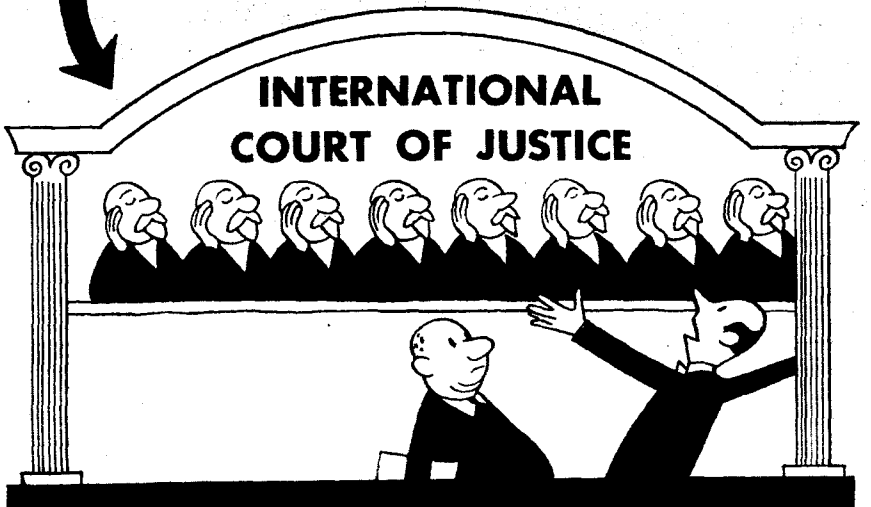
Each of the United Nations gets one vote in the Assembly, which will discuss world issues and make recommendations to the Security Council.

The Council is the heart of the security organization. Its 11 members have the job, among other things, of making plans to halt aggressors.



This body is charged with promoting the educational, social and economic progress of the colonial areas of the world.

This group—the Chiefs of Staff of the U. S., Britain, Russia, France and China—will direct armed action against any future aggressors.



This permanent court will decide legal disputes between countries. Members of the United Nations are pledged to follow its rulings.

Each nation promises to have a quota of troops ready for future emergencies and to make them available whenever the need arises.

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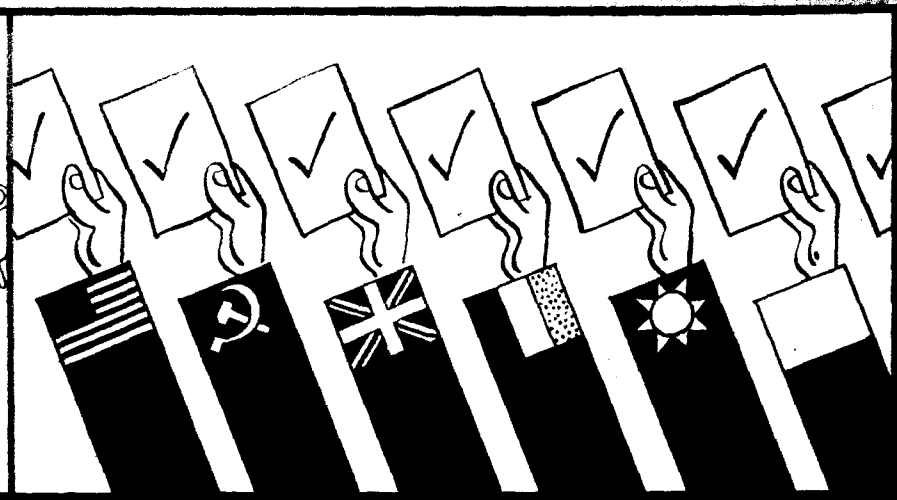
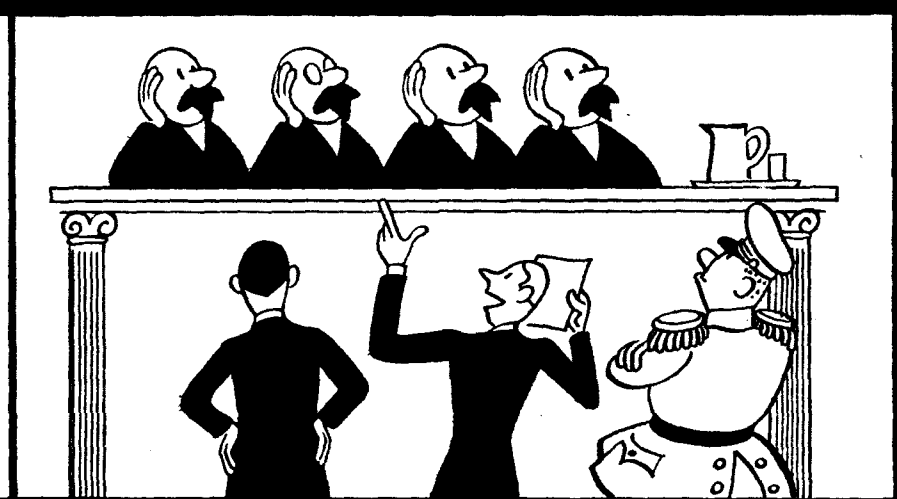
How Security Council would operate against an aggressor

1 Complaint of aggression is made to the members of the Security Council, which permanently includes the U. S., Britain, Russia, China, France.

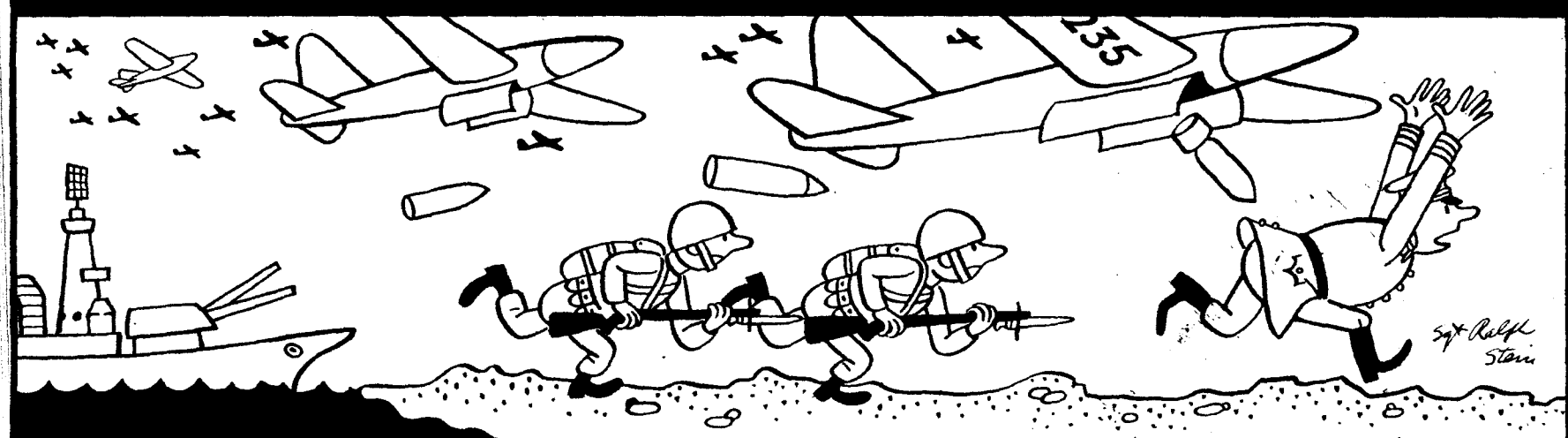


2 The Council decides whether the case deserves investigation. To start an inquiry, seven votes, including each of the Big Five, are needed.

3 If the complaint looks serious to the required majority of the Security Council, investigators are empowered to get all the facts in the case.



4 The Council, as soon as the facts are in, sets procedure for settling the issue. Whenever possible, settlement is to be by peaceful means.



5 But if the aggressor refused to listen to reason and every effort at voluntary settlement of the dispute failed to make the offender see the light, then the Security Council could make use of its most effective reserve weapon—the power to employ the economic or the military strength of the United Nations.

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YANK
THE ARMY WEEKLY

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This Week's Cover

THREE weary infantrymen take a break on a muddy hillside in Okinawa before going on to take a Jap strong point. Other pictures from Okinawa by YANK photographer Mason Pawlak C.PhoM are on pages 12 and 13.

PHOTO CREDITS. Cover—Mason Pawlak CPhoM. 2—Sgt. Bill Young. 3—Acme. 4—Young. 6—Upper left, YANK; upper right, Pfc. Claude Odell; lower right, Allan de Loy; lower right, Alaskan Dept. 7—YANK. 8—Upper, Warner Brothers; lower, M-G-M. 9—M-G-M. 10—Wrenn. 11—Pvt. George Aarons. 12 & 13—Pawlak. 15—Acme, INP, PA. 20—20th Century-Fox. 21.—War Times. 23—PA.

Mail Call

Nazi Neighbors

Dear YANK:

Just what in the hell did we fight this war for anyhow? The answer here seems to be so that the Krauts can go home and give our officers more time to dream up C.S. The town where we were billeted at present (and I use the term rather loosely) is plenty large enough to furnish billets for the entire unit. A few months ago we were at war with these people and fighting for our lives. Then we could come and go as we pleased, make ourselves at home, and keep out of the rain at night. But not now. Oh, no.

If we moved into homes now some civilians feelings might be hurt. A field is plenty good for us because after all, we must keep up the good neighbors policy with our old buddies, the Nazis. Civilians and German soldiers come and go as they please, do as they please, and we give them the best of everything and take the worst of what's left. German soldiers are billeted in a hotel in this town and still wear their uniforms to boot. But the field and a cozy pup tent is good enough for Americans. Germans can associate with civilians and have a good time for themselves. But not Americans.

Then there's the matter of using captured vehicles. In the Third Army at least, it's absolutely verboten. This in spite of the fact that some of our own units have a critical shortage of transportation. The reason? Well, it seems that the Kraut soldiers are having difficulty in getting home and they need transportation something fierce.

Ah, but that's not all. It is absolutely essential that we wear rifles, pistol belts, and steel helmets wherever we go, even the chow line. Third Army sets curfew at 2200 but this division goes better than that. Our curfew is 1900. Of course civilians run around after that, but that's besides the point. Not only that, but seeing as hot weather is not here we can no longer even wear fatigues except when we get the dubious honor of serving KP. This may be all right for the officers who have seven or eight pairs of ODs and washing facilities. But how about the common soldier? We have no washing facilities, not even a stream nearby, and only two pairs of ODs which are pretty well beaten up after months in the field. But the order says we will keep a neat and orderly appearance at all times. And yet they have the nerve to tell us we won the war. Baloney.

Austria —(Name Withheld)*

*Also signed by four others.

Dear YANK:

Some soldier was really on the ball when he said: "First we lick them, then we feed them, then we finance them and then we have to lick them again."

Are we the conquering heroes or not? Then why in the name of thunder does our Army Procurement Office pay the Germans for the different items we obtain for military use?

It looks as if we are already in the third stage of the game, doesn't it?

Germany —S/Sgt. R. PATOWSKI

Navy Overseas

Dear YANK:

Why is it that the Army has authorized the wearing of overseas stripes and the Navy has not? We feel that naval personnel doing island duty, by request of the Navy department and not by personal desire, rate something for their service.

Most of us have from two to four years out of the States with nothing to show for the years. When and if we should get back to the States we want something to prove to the men with battle stars that we have not exactly goldbricked.

Hawaii —W. T. SKINNER RM1c*

*Also signed by three others.

More Points

Dear YANK:

Will you please tell us why the U. S. Army does not recognize more than three children on the present point system for discharge? It seems very un-American to hold it against a man for having more than three children.

Why shouldn't he be given credit for all the legitimate children he has? Several men in our organization have four, five and six children, and still do not have enough points for discharge on the present point system. They have been in combat areas overseas for a period of nine months or over, with total service of 17 months or longer.

It would seem to us, since the Army does pay allotments on all the legitimate children a man has, the same principle would be applied on the present point system. We think he should be given point credit for every child he has regardless of the number, if consideration of children was made in the first place in order to release fathers of large families as quickly as possible.

Philippines —Pfc. FRANK HOLBECK*

*Also signed by Pfc. Hubert McBrayer.

Dear YANK:

This is a general gripe in behalf of the lowly doughfoot regarding the point system. The only edge the frontline Joes have over the men in the rear is they have a chance to get the Purple Heart, which is often awarded posthumously, and such other decorations as are merited for their courage and bravery.

Doesn't his infantry combat badge mean anything more than ten dollars a month to the combat soldier? Is that all it is worth to a man who fights and dies for his country, to a man who lives in constant danger, in foxholes, mud, rain and cold and eats nothing but Ks and Cs for weeks at a time? If that is all that it means, then we don't want it.

Germany —Pfc. FRANK CROPPER

Dear YANK:

I am a married man with one dependent child aged 17 months. My Army service consists of eight months in the States and eight months overseas. In other words, I have a total of 36 points.

During this time my wife and baby have attempted to live on $80 allowance per month. Obviously they can't live even on a subsistence level on this Government allowance. But, because our baby was only one month old when they grabbed me, my wife had her hands full caring for him, leaving her no time for a job. And you can guess how much I send home with my big pfc rating.

They keep telling us that the family symbolizes much of what we're fighting for, yet family men are among the forgotten under the point system. If larger groups of men are to be released this year, let somebody of influence remember the married men with dependent children.

North Africa —Pfc. E. J. FLEMING

Dear YANK:

. . . First: As the plan now stands those who conscientiously did their work in the Army have the least chance of getting out. They are essential, remember? What a laugh!

Second: The good steady men who wanted to do their part for their country before they began thinking of personal pleasures such as wife and children, especially children. What about them? Must they now go on fighting and watch some "patriot" who has taken himself a wife, after Pearl Harbor, and hurried up to accumulate a family, for just that reason sneak out of the Army while the good men carry the loads?

We have no argument with the pre-Pearl Harbor men. They deserve the utmost consideration.

We are not trying to insult the few men whose wives had children because their religion forbade birth control or those who sincerely wanted them and therefore did not expect special consideration. . . .

Stop insulting our intelligence with that "essential man" clause and stop this mollycoddling of family men who knew damned well what to expect when they set sail upon the blissful sea of matrimony and parenthood.

India —Sgt. R. F. PASIERBOWICZ*

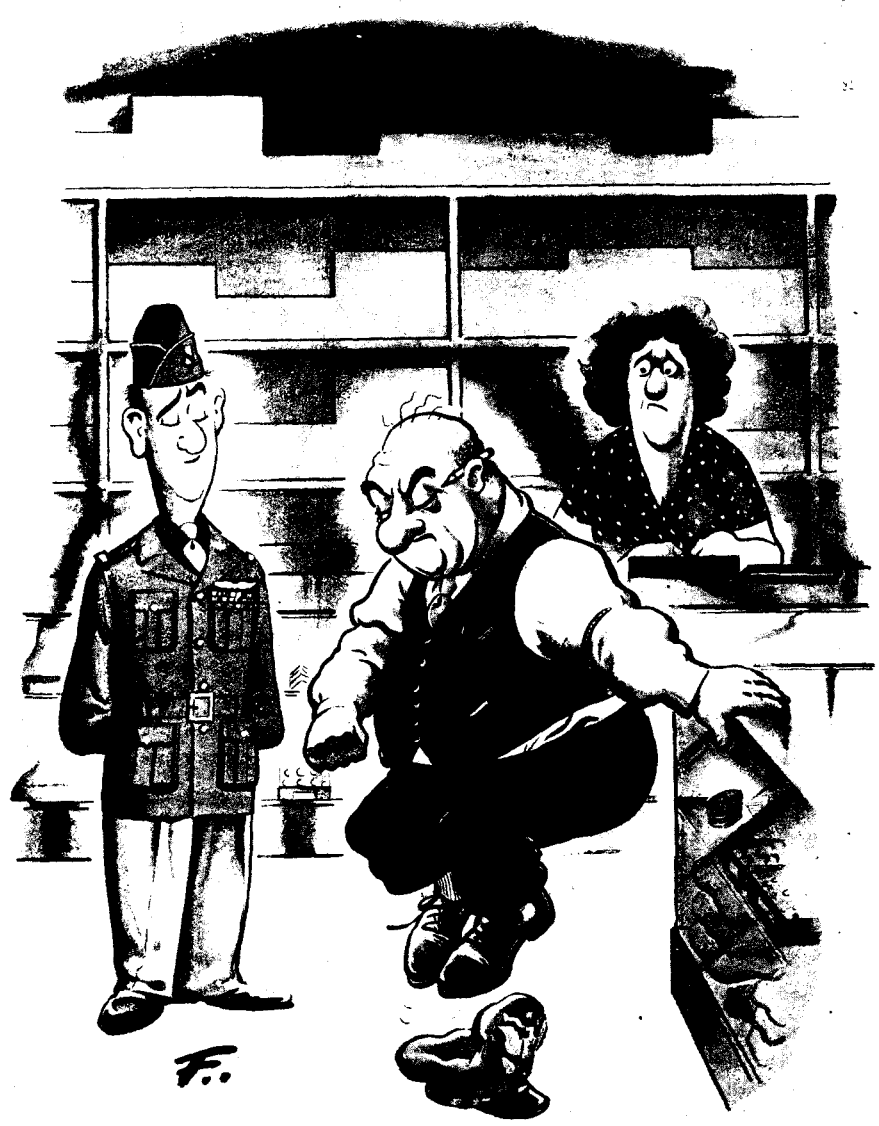
*Also signed by 46 others.

Orientation

Dear YANK:

May I suggest something to Pfc. Murray Blumberg and every other enlisted man or officer who keenly realizes the tremendous importance of orientation in the Army.

There is little dispute about the fact that the present orientation effort—and be assured it is a great one on the part of the Information and Education Branch—falls short when it reaches the



—Cpl. Tom Flannery

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lowest echelon or company level. And it is obvious that much of the fault lies in the fact that "orientation officers" in the companies are largely unqualified for the job, for orientation is a job that requires more knowledge and ability than a diploma from OCS affords.

In most cases, the company officer who is assigned to handle orientation, "in addition to his other duties," would welcome with glee the opportunity to get rid of this job which all too often I have heard termed a "headache."

Therefore, I would suggest—and heartily urge—that any EM or officer who feels himself qualified to lead his company orientation periods—and perhaps more important, any man who has his heart in the work—volunteer to take over the assignment in his unit.

In the great majority of cases his offer will be welcomed with open arms. And the offer is a perfectly legal one, for under regulations, any qualified member of a unit may conduct the orientation hour.

The man who feels deeply enough the responsibility we all have in seeking a clearer understanding of world affairs may never win a medal for his efforts on behalf of his unit, but he will have the fine satisfaction of knowing that his contribution to the war and the peace was that much more than the man who fought with his fists alone.

Camp Lee, Va. —Pfc. JACK SCHWEBEL

Divorce Reform

Dear YANK:

Although everyone seems to be interested in trying to create a better postwar world, we feel that a great bottleneck will lie in the fact that many servicemen will be returning home to marriages they know can never be successful. We refer not only to wartime marriages but also to others that have proven a mistake.

We suggest that the procedure and laws in divorce be altered in order to avoid misfortune and even tragedy. We feel that the laws now governing divorces protect the woman and have very little consideration for the man.

Today we find many men in the armed forces who are theoretically divorced but still compelled to support a wife who is unworthy. This produces bitterness and disgust in the hearts of many, let alone the serviceman's thought of returning to a home where he shall continue to pay and be bound by the red tape of antiquated divorce laws. . . .

Marianas —D. L. GILKEY GM1c*

*Also signed by five others.

Oldtimers to Stud

Dear YANK:

Let's hear what some of the oldtimers think of my idea that Army men (regulars) be placed on reserve after 20 years' service—as is now done in the Navy.

We're going to have one helluva big Regular Army after the war. We're all agreed on that, aren't we? How many inducted soldiers want to sign with the regulars? I could make a guess.

Why not make continued service more attractive to qualified men who were drafted and already will have had a lot of time in? Seems to me lots of them would like to make the Army a career—especially after they've already had, say, five years of their 20. Army recruiting wouldn't have to be a bush-shaking business if men who already know the Army—and lots of them really do like it—were induced to stay in. And many thousands have technical skills, highly developed, that the Army could utilize.

Make it attractive to them by offering inactive status and retirement pay after 20 years—with the men subject to call in case of emergency for the ensuing 10 years.

And now the selfish part of this proposal. Get rid of all us old guys (I'm four years beyond my 20 now!) who have the ratings. Pass 'em around. Make it worthwhile for the boys to stay in. Best thing the Army could do would be to turn us oldtimers out to stud and make way for the colts. And call us back if they can't handle things.

Ft. Logan, Colo. —M/Sgt. WILLIAM J. BOYLE

Jobs in Ellwood City

Dear YANK:

In a story on Pittsburgh which appeared in a recent issue of YANK, a statement was made to the effect that the National Tube Company, a U. S. Steel subsidiary, had moved one of its plants from Ellwood City, Penna., to McKeesport. As a result of this story, inquiries have been received by the company and the Chamber of Commerce as to the extent to which this move will affect operations of the National Tube Company in Ellwood City. The inquiries were apparently from former employes in Ellwood City who saw the article overseas.

No change in Ellwood City operations will result from this action. Since other readers looking to a return to former jobs in Ellwood City may have some apprehension as a result of this article, I believe the publication should make an effort to clarify the matter.

—J. CARLISLE MACDONALD
United States Steel Corporation

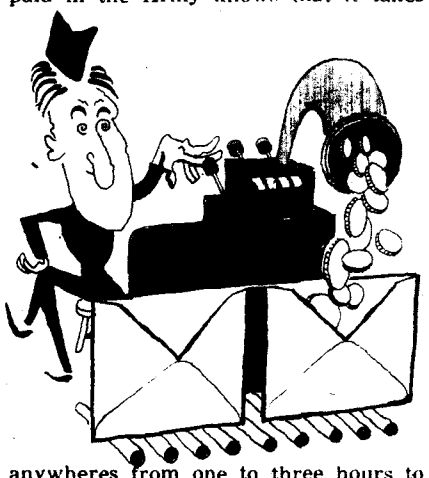
New York, N. Y.

Sign the Payroll

Dear YANK:

Can anyone tell me why, with the present accent on conservation of manpower hours, it is necessary to "sign the payroll." Is it supposed to be a receipt for pay that will be made two weeks later? If so, it can hardly be a valid receipt.

Can anyone also tell me why the Army pays its personnel by counting out the dough as the men step up to the pay table. Anyone who has been paid in the Army knows that it takes



anywheres from one to three hours to sign the payroll and from two to six hours waiting in line to get paid.

Is it not possible to make up the payroll a few days in advance, have the money counted out and placed in individual pay envelopes with each man's name on the envelope? In this way a man can step up to the pay table, get his pay and sign his payroll right then and there. By the use of an addressograph machine it would be a matter of a few hours' time to print each man's name on his pay envelope. The finance clerks can count out his pay and fill his envelope a few days before pay day. Result: saving of manpower hours that can be used in more productive work and a relief from "sweating out" an almost endless pay line every month.

Presque Isle, Maine —Pfc. EDGAR A. ZALOOM

Water Waste?

Dear YANK:

Due to the water shortage here we are allowed fresh water for drinking purposes only. We realize that this isn't stateside and so we are willing to do our part and go without when necessary. But here's the pay-off. An officer's jeep being generously washed with water that is too precious for the enlisted man to use to wash his face. This is the best morale booster I have yet seen.

Marianas —Ship Fitter 3c*

*Also signed by 32 others.

Air Pay

Dear YANK:

I am an infantryman and have been in the hospital for the last month and a half recovering from a wound received in action. I have heard discussed time and time again the question of why Air Corps men should get more pay than the rest of the branches, so I thought I'd write and maybe clear up the matter.

Everyone believes it's unfair and would like to know why. No one can say it's because the branch is more important than the rest. The Infantry has proven in this war that it takes them to get the enemy out and get them on the run.

No one can say it's because the air is more hazardous because I don't think they face half as many dangers as we do. I know for a fact that the percentage of casualties is much less.

No one can tell us they have to endure more hardships. How often did they have to sleep in foxholes and how many holes did they dig? How many times did they have to eat "K" and "C" rations? The men of wings can always go back to their base after a mission and get some hot meals and stay in a warm, cozy spot far behind the line, where they can relax till the next mis-

sion [illegible] most likely [illegible] day.

It [illegible] because they [illegible] educated and with better IQs. They don't [illegible] dirty things at night. All the requirements necessary are gals, common sense and leadership. Most of us GIs weren't given the chance to get in the Air Corps, so why not be fair and pay every branch in the service the same?

I am not saying the Infantry is doing more work nor are we winning the war alone. I know the success of this war lies in the complete cooperation and coordination of every branch in the service.

I remember that Congress brought this matter up once but nothing was done about it. I'm afraid those white-collar jobbers don't realize the work the doughboys have to do. If they did I'm sure they too would agree with the rest of us.

Italy —T Sgt. THOMAS J. HALE

Tusk-Drooling Topkicks

Dear YANK:

In behalf of all common dogfaces, I'd like to nominate Sgt. George Baker, the creator of "Sad Sack," for a Bronze Star Medal for "gallant operations against the enemy," the enemy being first sergeants.

I say that NO enlisted man has any use for these stupid clucks. It took George Baker to defy these power-mad dictators and show them for what they are—feebleminded, bellowing, tusk-drooling, uncouth, moronic, slave-driving, Gestapo-souled, ape-bodied, stripe-happy, bestial lice. The man who invented a first sergeant was a sadist.

When George Baker depicts the Army's No. 1 hero, "Sad Sack," grovelling in the power of a diamond-striper, he makes us all know that he's in the Army too. That's why I say that Baker shows courage beyond and above the call of duty when he tells the world what we dogfaces have to put up with.

You see what Baker does for me! So let's do something for Baker!

A medal for Baker
The pappy of "Sack,"
The man who immortalized
"My a-a-a-ching back!"

Germany —Pfc. MARTIN V O'NEIL

■ Note to YANK's first sergeant: The above opinions are those of Pfc. O'Neil and do not *necessarily* reflect the opinion of the *Mail Call* editor.

Surplus Property

Dear YANK:

Probably most GIs, like us, want no GI clothing in their postwar wardrobes. However, there are a lot of items we could put to good use after the war such as wool clothing, tents, trucks, etc. The total must run into thousands of items.

At the time of discharge, every GI will have some ready cash on hand which he'll want to put to good use. We suggest that at the separation center or at about 50 centrally located cities (preferably the latter) warehouses be set up to sell these surpluses to the GI. The Quartermaster could set the prices for new and used items. To prevent the emergence of rackets, each man would be limited to, say, $100 in purchases, except of course for jeeps, etc. A 30-day option after discharge could be introduced to prevent the boys being approached by racketeers and give them time to consult with their families.

This to us seems like a fair way of distributing surpluses. The GI, who should, would get the preference and at reasonable prices.

Philippines —Sgt. BORIS B. SEGELIN

Starve the Japs

Dear YANK:

Pfc. Alleyne Henderson, of Charleston, S. C., in his letter entitled "Don't Starve the Japs," referred to our abiding by the Golden Rule: "Do unto others as you would have others do unto you." Apparently Henderson has forgotten that the Japs have given us no good, that we owe them no good in return.

Perhaps Henderson will contribute that statement "Two wrongs do not make a right." Perhaps the Japs' gratitude for our relief work after their earthquake was so overwhelming that it compensated for the sneaking attack on Pearl Harbor, the death marches, the treatment of our prisoners in Jap prisons and hospitals, the rape of Nanking and the violations of common decency which were outlined at the Geneva Convention. Perhaps, but I think not.

Bombing and gassing and starving every Jap from the face of the earth would further protect our suffering universe from future embellishment by a nation of weasel-brained emperor-worshipping gutter rats, namely the Japs.

Do unto the Japs as they did to us. Give them every torment which can be engineered. Don't give them human kindness: they don't understand that. Give them permanent peace in Satan's bonfire and leave the world for people who love freedom and democracy.

Berry Field, Tenn. —Sgt. PATRICK L. LOB

Summer Insignia

Dear YANK:

. . . I've heard a good many fellows remark that they wished there was some regulation permitting the wearing of the US pin and arm-of-service pin on the collar of the summer shirt just as it is worn on the lapels of the OD blouse. I believe that there was a regulation in the peacetime Army allowing this.

We realize that there might be some conflict in view of the fact that our officers wear their insignia on their collars now. . . .

Camp Ellis Ill. —T-5 FRANK B. DELANEY

Tax Exemption

Dear YANK:

There have been various suggestions as to what can be done to enable the returning serviceman (or woman) to have a better chance of normalizing his way of living. It has occurred to me that one feature which would be of definite benefit to the returning person to civilian life would be the alleviation of Federal income taxes (or exemption) for a period of five to 10 years. By and large each serviceman has to go back to a situation in which he is going to be at a certain disadvantage, and this is one feature (it could be added to the GI Bill of Rights) that would give him a better opportunity to become normally enveloped once again in his civilian way of life.

Many returning men are not going to be able to successfully go to their old jobs, for many reasons, so why not give them a little time to set their roots in a spot where they can adjust themselves much better and not penalize them with the ever-facing necessity of Federal income taxes. The requisite for such a benefit could be any type of discharge except dishonorable discharge.

Burma —Cpl. LENNY LERNER

Strictly GI

Losses at Sea. During the 41 months of war against Germany and Italy, says the WD, 3,604 American soldiers were lost aboard ships sunk or damaged by the enemy. Out of every 10,000 Yanks who embarked on a ship, four were lost at sea, a favorable figure compared to that of the first World War, in which marine losses claimed 7.2 out of every 10,000. Only 10 vessels supporting the European and African campaigns just ended went down with a loss of 50 or more American soldiers. The largest number of such casualties in a single sinking was 1,015. These were aboard the Rohna, a British troopship, which was sunk by enemy air attack off Djidjelli, Algeria, on Nov. 26, 1943, and went down within half an hour after being hit. The Army's second worst marine loss in the war against Hitler occurred last December 24, when the Leopoldville, a British-controlled Belgian troopship, was torpedoed while en route from Southampton, England, to Cherbourg, sinking and carrying 764 of the 2,237 American troops aboard to their death. The largest number of casualties aboard an American ship was 504. They were lost on April 20, 1944, when the Liberty ship Paul Hamilton was sunk by an aerial torpedo off Algiers.

POL. Moving at an average rate of some 5,000,000 gallons a day, 1,645,145,840 gallons of POL—the Army's symbol for petrol, oil, lubricants—were imported to and delivered on the continent of Europe by the Transportation Corps between D-Day and VE-Day, the WD has disclosed. Enough gas was shipped in to have driven every motor vehicle in the prewar world all the way from New York City to Chicago.

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ISSUE GIRL FRIEND

By Cpl. JOHN HAVERSTICK
YANK Staff Writer

WHEN I met Margie she was fixing to go to the ETO. Margie is Margie Stewart, a Wabash, Ind., girl who has been a fashion model, a photographer's model, a contract player for RKO and is currently, aside from occasional film free-lancing, the only *bona fide*, officially approved, government-issue pin-up girl of the United States armed services.

For Margie is the wistful little lady who looks out at you from Security posters and bids you, "Please get there—and back." Margie is the wholesome young wife who hints from Army Savings posters that the postwar world might be rosier if you tucked a little of that pay-day cash in a sock or a bank or GI savings. Margie is the girl you see on orderly-room bulletin boards and individual GI walls everywhere from the Aleutians to Ascension.

As are most official interviews, my brief chat with Margie was somewhat dampened by an officer coaching team. She looked just like her pictures, but when she opened her mouth to answer a question, a major or a captain or a lieutenant was usually ready with a foot to put in it before she could speak for herself.

"Everybody is so sweet to me," she said.

There were moments when the higher echelons deserted Margie and I tried to get in a few pertinent queries. I asked her how she feels about her Army posters and she gave me that same hurt look with which she says "Please" on the bulletin boards. She explained that she never knows herself just what message is going to be tacked onto her pose before she sees the finished copy. She just gets into the costume—anything from Dr. Dentons to a blouse and skirt—indicated on the rough layout for the poster, poses and is photographed. The Army sends her a finished poster, message and all, when it is printed and she adds it to her growing collection. So far, she said, she has always liked the posters.

I had already managed to discover that Margie is unmarried and unengaged and, making good my little solo time, I asked her what kind of men she liked. I didn't get a chance to record anything for posterity because a major turned up just then and took her off to lunch with an old friend of his who, he told Margie, was one of the smartest officers in the Army.

I immediately went back to my desk, read that week's issue of *The Journal of Advanced Bacteriology*, and set my spies to find enough facts to fill out my interview. They came through nobly.

In a bottle floating down the North River on the New York side, a note was discovered, giving Margie's age. She has been guessed by GI experts to be anywhere from 14 to 28. She is 25. But some of her poster pictures were taken when she was still 23. All this is a hazard for foxhole gamblers who have made bets on a poster basis as to exactly how old she may be.

She was born, like any other little girl her age, on December 14, 1919 and, like not quite so many other little girls, she was born in Wabash, Ind. She grew up without any spectacular occurrences and went to Miami Grammar School in Wabash and then to Wabash High School. In high school she was yell leader for three years on the sidelines of Wabash football games, and in Junior year she was elected May Queen.

She went to Indiana University after graduating from Wabash. She stayed only a year, but during that time she pledged Kappa Gamma and was crowned Freshman Princess.

In the spring of 1939, she and her roommate took off for Chicago and careers. People were being fired instead of hired that year and the girls had a tough time finding an employer. Margie finally hit the jack pot at a commercial photography studio and started in modeling. Her first job was posing for a Johnson Outboard Motor poster on the shores of Diamond Lake, Mich. For the next two years Margie modeled and had a succession of other minor jobs. She applied for a department store job that required a tall, blonde, sophisticated dish and came out alive with a job modeling Junior Deb clothes.

Then Poppa Stewart's business transferred him to California and Margie went with the family. She modeled and did commercial photography, just as if California were Chicago and Hollywood weren't across the way, but it wasn't long before the movies gave her a nod with a contract on the end of it and she went with RKO. Somewhere along in here, through an old Chicago friend who had been poured into uniform, Margie started her GI modeling. She's left RKO, but the GI posters still go on.

Margie Stewart poses with one of her posters, plugging GI savings.

The GI posters were not born without something of a battle. The War Department had never had anything so frivolous as a young woman on a poster before—barring maybe the statue of Liberty or Columbia saying "We Want *You*." The WD felt it had done very nicely thank you with big black type saying SAVE YOUR MONEY, KEEP YOUR TRAP SHUT or USE MOSQUITO NETS.

The officer who had had the Margie idea was persistent. He pointed out that posters were loosening up a little and some of them actually had cartoons on them now in place of "It is commanded." He pointed out that, if pretty girls sold soap to civilians out of uniform, a pretty girl might sell Security to those same civilians in uniform. He pointed out that soldiers liked pretty girls.

THE WD swallowed a little and said, "Uh, yes" and the first Margie poster, the Security job with the "Please get there—and back" injunction, was printed. Today, it still stands out as the most successful and sensational of the series. It actually drew fan mail from GIs and this meant that GIs had read it. The WD was happy and Margie was happy and there were more Margie posters.

Even the major in charge of Margie posters doesn't know exactly how many she has posed for. There have been about 20 so far, he thinks. There are as definites: four Security posters, 12 more in the Savings series and two on the backs of Newsmaps. For probables there are some other odds and ends he can't put his finger on. To change the subject, he showed me a medium-sized security poster with a vicious looking dog photographed in natural color.

"That was a Margie picture originally," he said. "We cut Margie out and just used the dog."

I left him hastily, went back to my desk, phoned an Army psychiatrist to go over and take a look at him, and put my spies to work again.

In a bottle floating down the Allegheny river, just below Aspinwall, Pa., they found another slip of paper listing the vital statistics on Margie.

Margie weighs 112 pounds. She is 5 feet, 4 inches tall without her shoes. Her hair is a light brown and her eyes are hazel. If you have an extra ration stamp, her shoe size is 5A. Her hobbies are pretty vigorous and include swimming, water skiing and tennis.

While all this bottle finding was going on, another arm of my G-2 was at work getting the dope on Margie's ETO tour. It seems that a finance officer—and remember this the next time you are redlined—was at the bottom of it all.

Well, this old finance officer, who we will call Fred, was sitting staring into his coffee one day in France. It was the War Bond season and he wondered what could be done to sell more bonds. He looked into his coffee and, because what his coffee reflected was a worried finance officer, that didn't help him a hell of a lot. He got up and strolled around the area.

That was when a Margie poster caught his eye.

"Fred," he said to himself, "you're not so dumb after all." And he sat down that very day and wrote a letter to the proper people in Washington that finance officers write letters to, asking them to fix it up for Margie to come to the ETO to stimulate the sale of bonds.

The idea, miraculously, looked just as good in Washington as it had after the cup of coffee in France. (It hadn't been very good coffee, either.) Letters were written and orders were cut and things were mimeographed and stamped and the next thing Margie knew she was getting the medics' needle in the arm and was due for a trip to the ETO. She went as a government employee, not via USO as an entertainer, and it's probably the first time that any dodge like that has delivered anything quite so homey to an overseas theater.

The hominess is probably Margie's biggest asset. To put it very simply, she stops just short of looking perfect enough to be impossible. Other pin-up girls are "dream girls" in the most unsubstantial sense of the expression. A dream is about the only place most of us are likely to run up against the typical glamor photographer's ideal of a lassie with legs eight feet long, bust 58 inches, waist 20, hips 20 and long, red-gold hair. Margie is a little closer to home.

She looks like somebody a GI might come home to happily. She looks as if the GI who would come home to her could take her to a picnic or a prom, a double-feature or the Trocadero with equal pleasure. She looks like a good girl friend or a good young wife. She looks like the dream you not only want to go on dreaming but which might continue after you wake up.

"We've been playing Margie up as a good-hearted, home-fed kid from a typical home town," a major had said when I met Margie. It sounded like hoke then. Maybe it was.

But she sure fits the part and she looks so nice on those bulletin boards.

THIS bit o' Ireland in Hollywood was born Katharine Elizabeth McLaughlin. The movies shortened that to Sheila Ryan, but you'll notice the Irish didn't lose out in the switch. Sheila's from Topeka, Kans. She's 24 years old, 5 feet and 5 inches tall, weighs 108 and has brown eyes and hair. Her new movie for 20th Century-Fox is "Caribbean Mystery."

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"Funny part is, till I got into the Army I worshipped my wife."

YANK FICTION

THE ARMY CHANGES YOU

By Cpl. LEN ZINBERG

ITALY—Next to the ENSA Theater in Bari there's a small jewelry store, and they had a heavy, wide, silver ring with a large red stone for sale. I never wore a ring before in my life, but on pay day I decided to buy the ring.

It was the kind of gaudy ring you're always sorry you bought, but I had looked at it several times, and was even annoyed on entering the store to see a tall skinny sergeant wearing gunner's wings, turning the ring over in his hand. The Italian storekeeper bowed and said something to me in Italian, pointing at the sergeant. The expression on the Italian's wrinkled face said he was very sorry, but what could he do?

The gunner looked up and asked me, "You know what this gook is saying?"

"Probably, that I was going to buy that ring."

"I was thinking of sending it to my wife; she goes in for knickknacks like this," he said, putting the ring on the counter, "but you take it." Although he talked in a fast jerky manner, his voice was smooth and clear, as if he had studied diction.

"Thanks, but I haven't any deposit on the ring, or any reason for buying it," I said. "If you want it for your wife . . ."

"No, no, take it. I was only looking. One of those sudden ideas, understand. I can buy her earrings, or something."

The Italian started talking again and the gunner said, "I've been here nearly four months and still can't speak a word of Eyetie. What's he beating his gums about now?"

"Giving us the sales talk, swears it is a real stone and the ring is sterling—not Argentine silver. Look, this ring doesn't mean a damn to me, get it for your wife."

He shook his head. "No. Even if you don't take it, I won't buy it."

"This is silly. If your wife would like it . . .?"

"Honest, I won't buy it. Anyway, it's a man's ring."

I said okay and gave the jeweler 27 dollars. As I walked out the gunner was examining some cameos.

I felt like a jerk wearing the ring—the way it stuck out from my finger. Every time I looked at it, I thought of his wife. That night when I saw him at the Red Cross snack bar, eating cake and coffee, I gave him a guilty grin and sat down at his table.

He said, "The ring looks fine. Unusual design."

"The jeweler claimed it's some of the real old stuff, not this junk they're turning out for the soldier trade. Probably phoney. Did you buy your wife something?"

"No, but I enjoyed looking around. Bari isn't a bad little town, should have come here before. It sure beats hanging around my bomb group. Even eating this cake like this is a treat for me."

I said, "About the ring, your wife must have a big hand to be able to wear this."

He laughed. "She's a very big girl. Not fat, you understand, just big. I'm no match for her, I'm like a toothpick."

"You're certainly no match for her if she can wear this ring."

For a moment we were both silent as we drank our coffee, then he suddenly said, "Of course I don't have a wife. I mean we're divorced." He said it cheerfully. "Lots of guys get divorces overseas. Being away does something to you."

"Hell of a thing for a girl to brush off a guy when he's overseas."

He waved his thin hands. "Why?" I say if you find out you don't love each other, divorce is the best deal. Being I'm a soldier, she had to get my permission, but I told her to go ahead. Funny part is, till I got into the Army I worshipped my wife." He stopped for a second and ate a cookie. "Like to hear about family troubles?"

He could speak in that clear actor's voice even with a mouthful of food. "I don't mind."

"Nothing spicy," he said.

"I know, they never divorce the spicy ones."

He finished the cake and laughed. "That's so. Well, you can see I'm not a pretty boy. Plain mug, too thin. Troubled with pimples till I was married. You know the type, lonely, never went out with girls much. Alberta, that's the wife, she's really something. About 6 feet and well stacked—what the boys call a big chunk of stuff. Face is fairly pretty. I used to lay in bed and watch her undress, wonder how a shy, ugly guy like me ever got all that girl—or any girl. I could never forget what a lucky guy I was. Understand, she's big, but not fat."

"I understand."

"I just want to show you how I felt about her. She was everything a guy would want; the capable type that has a good job and still manages to keep the apartment clean and cook like hell. Some lucky bastard is going to get Alberta. You patriotic?"

"I guess so, as much as the next guy," I said, wondering how the hell I could shake him.

He said, "I was full of that old glory pep when I entered the Army. You know, ideals. I like to read, all kinds of books. I had a pretty good understanding of fascism and the war. Now, I don't know, all I think about is finishing up my missions and getting back to the States. When that flak is breaking up there, you don't think of democracy, you don't think of a goddam thing except whether you'll be alive the next couple of minutes. Not that I've changed my views on the war, but when I do think about it, I just hope the guys in charge, the wheels, are running it right. The Army changes you. Understand, it's like the war had nothing to do with me personally."

He started on another cookie and waited for me to speak. I didn't say a word, just shifted restlessly in my seat, like a ham actor.

"Flying is the same way," he said, swallowing the cake neatly. "It sort of fascinates me, like a snake. I'm scared stiff. I've seen a lot of planes go up in flames, explode. I'm not panicky, you understand, and I know my job up there, but there's a certain tension, a kind of nerve jag I'm on when I fly. In combat it's worse, deep down I'm all excited. You remember seeing that Clark Gable picture where he's a test pilot?"

"No."

"Came out a couple of years ago. He says the air is like a beautiful lady waiting for you up there. That's damn true. Back in the States I thought flying was beautiful. Once we were flying over an undercast in Utah. The clouds below us were a thick puffy sheet of the cleanest white I've ever seen, with a few brown mountain peaks sticking through. I wrote Alberta it looked like a sky of marshmallow with chocolate spots. Sounds silly as all hell now. That's changed for me too."

I said, "You're having a rugged time of it."

"Go ahead, kid me, I know it sounds nuts. It all adds up to this, flying may not be beautiful but it's a terrific feeling, tremendous, bigger than anything I've ever known. That's why I stopped writing Alberta: Till I started flying combat, she was the greatest thing in my life. Now flying is. Made me realize I never loved her. She sort of filled up my empty life—then flying came along and I never even thought of her. I'm grateful to flying. I'm grateful to Alberta. I wrote her that she would always be my best friend."

"That was swell of you. How did she take it."

"Calmly, calmly—she's never upset. See, everything is flying. I'm going along at top speed, living at a pace I never thought possible. While it lasts, it's the greatest thing ever happened to me. I've come a long way from a plain lonely kid—why, I'm flashing through the skies of Europe like a shooting star."

"What happens after the war, when the shooting-star days are over?"

"That's if I'm alive," he said, his voice as gay as ever.

"Of course."

He smiled. "Sure, of course. After the war is going to be good too. I'll marry again, but she'll have to be a girl that will mean more to me than flying." He looked over at me, dreamy-eyed. "Can you imagine what that girl will be like! She'll be about the greatest gal in the world—nobody will ever have loved as much as we two will. You see how it works out: Alberta took the dullness out of my life, then flying took the place of Alberta, expanded my life, and the girl that takes the place of flying—Good God!"

I said she'll certainly be some kid.

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SEWELL'S CHOICE

By Cpl. TOM SHEHAN
YANK Sports Editor

ST. LOUIS, MO.—Luke Sewell, manager of the St. Louis Browns, says that he wouldn't swap Vernon (Junior) Stephens, his shortstop, for Marty Marion of the Cardinals, even if Billy Southworth would make the trade.

This is strange talk because most baseball men compare Marion to the great shortstops of all time. "I couldn't win a pennant with Marty Marion," says Sewell calmly. "I mean it. Batting is part of this game, too."

In his fourth big league season Stephens is finally living up to Sewell's predictions. During the first two months of the current campaign he was clipping the ball for .313 and leading the league in runs-batted-in with 35. Of the first nine home runs the Browns had, Stephens owned eight.

While Junior was slowly finding himself in the last few years, Sewell patiently refused to tamper with his natural batting style. "What I look for in a hitter is not stance or form," says Luke, "every hitter has what is to him a natural stroke. There isn't much that can be done about changing it because of the physical make-up peculiar to each player. What I want in a hitter is that this 'natural stroke' be a base-hit stroke. That is, the ball must go for a base hit when he meets it right. If his 'natural stroke' raises an ordinary fly or beats the ball into the dirt, there isn't much we can do about making that player a hitter. So if a player has a 'base-hit stroke' I don't meddle with it much.

"Stephens was one of those players who didn't make much of an impression as a hitter when we first got him. Reports we had on him said that he put his foot in the bucket and couldn't hit a curve. I took a look at him, saw him fan twice on curves, but then I saw him hit two others out of the park. We needed a hitter who could do that. He fanned a lot at first, but I told him to keep swinging. That policy is paying off now."

Art Fletcher, the former Phillies manager who has turned down several big-league managing berths in recent years to remain as a Yankee coach under Joe McCarthy, is another Stephens admirer. "He has a lot of power at the plate," said Art. "And I like the way he looks over those pitches. He doesn't go fishing for bad balls."

Comparing Stephens and Marion at the plate, the Browns shortstop has a batting average of .292 for three complete seasons, a fair mark for an infielder, as compared to Marion's .270 for five seasons. But it is in extra base blows that Stephens' superior punch at the plate becomes apparent. Junior has hit 85 doubles, 10 triples, 56 home runs and driven in 292 runs during his brief career. Marion's record for five seasons in this department is 119 doubles, 14 triples, 13 home runs and 273 runs driven in.

Conceding that Stephens is the better batter, the question is whether or not Marion's fielding is so much superior to Stephens' as to justify the difference in batting power.

The experts had a chance to compare them in the field during the World Series last fall. Marion's play was sensational, but Stephens made at least two plays that were acknowledged to be superb. Oddly enough, they were in the same game, the second in the six-game series.

Stephens made the first of his two brilliant plays in the fourth inning when, with men on second and third and two out, Lanier hit a slow grounder. Junior rushed in behind Potter, scooped up the trickling bounder and fired underhanded to McQuinn to make the play and retire the side.

In the eighth inning of the same game with two men on base, Junior made a miraculous back-to-the-diamond catch of Kurowski's fly into left field. He not only robbed the Cardinals' third sacker of a hit, but the catch was so unexpected that he was able to throw to Don Gutteridge and double Musial off second. This play enabled Muncrief, who had relieved Potter in the seventh, to retire the Cardinals without a run that inning.

Later Stephens made two errors, one of them a costly wild throw which permitted the Cardinals to score their three runs in the fourth inning of the sixth and final game of the series. Marion played errorless ball and, therefore, must be given the edge on fielding, at least in the series.

Sewell, however, refuses to concede that Marion is a better fielder than Stephens over the course of the season. "Sure he makes errors," Luke says of his favorite shortstop, "but what player doesn't? He could make a dozen on one fielding chance and it would never get him down. I like a youngster like that.

Vernon Stephens

"As a matter of fact, Stephens has made some plays for us in the last couple of years that I've never seen any shortstop make. It's nothing to see him dive for a ground ball to his right, knock it down and throw the man out at first from his knees." (On the other hand, baseball writers who have seen him in action for several seasons feel that Junior doesn't go to his left for balls quite as smoothly as he goes to the right.)

"I didn't see Honus Wagner play, but I've never heard anybody who did see him play ever say anything except that he was the greatest of them all. Get into an argument about hitters and you'll find some favor Ruth, some Cobb and some Joe Jackson. When you're talking pitching it's a question of Alexander, Walter Johnson, Christy Mathewson and Cy Young. But when anybody talks shortstops, it's always Wagner. He could hit, run and field.

"I don't want to take anything away from Marion that belongs to him. He's a great fielder, but there's been a lot of great fielding shortstops—Durocher, Peckinpaugh and Everett Scott. But Wagner could hit and so can Stephens. That's why Stephens means so much to us."

Willis Butler, a Browns scout, saw Stephens playing high school, American Legion and semi-pro baseball around Long Beach and Los Angeles. He gave him a $500 bonus and signed him to a Browns contract at a time when scouts from the Cleveland Indians and the Boston Red Sox were also after him.

Farmed to Springfield, Ill., of the Three Eye League, Stephens didn't stay there long. "The Three Eye League was too fast for a kid of 17," he recalls. "They finally sent me to Johnstown in the Middle Atlantic League. I was doing all right until I got hurt."

That was the injury that has kept him out of the Army, a knee separation which kicks up every once in a while. In spite of it, however, he got in 40 games that year and batted .257.

The Browns didn't really discover his value until they farmed him to Mayfield, Ky., of the Kitty League for the 1939 season. Playing 122 games at short, Junior hit .361, scored 105 runs and drove in 123 more. His 44 doubles, seven triples and 30 home runs showed his potentialities as a power hitter for the first time.

Promoted to San Antonio of the Class A-1 Texas League for the 1940 season, he got a break in coming under the management of Marty McManus, former Browns and Red Sox manager. McManus worked on his fielding and Stephens gives him credit for whatever skill he has in this department. "Marty helped me in a dozen little ways," he says. "Most of all he taught me the knack of coming in for grounders, getting them on the big, first hop instead of waiting for the second, short bounce."

He had another good season the following year, 1941, at Toledo in the American Association.

When Stephens arrived at the Browns training camp in 1942, Johnny Berardino, the regular shortstop, had been called into the service and the berth was wide open. By the time the team had broken camp at Deland, Fla., Fred Haney, then the manager, had given Junior the job.

The Browns got away to a slow start that season and Sewell replaced Haney in June. But Junior completed the campaign with a .294 average, 13 more points than he had hit in the American Association, and was hailed as one of the brightest prospects in years.

By the time the 1943 All-Star game came around Stephens was playing brilliant ball. Lou Boudreau and Luke Appling, two of the best shortstops in the game, were available for the American League team's infield but Joe McCarthy kept them on the bench and played Junior the entire nine innings.

Shortly afterwards his knee began to act up but Luke let him finish the year in the outfield. Most of the time he was just hobbling around, but he finished the season with a .289 batting average and a record of 91 runs driven in. Last year he hit .293 and led the league in runs batted in with 105, a very respectable record for an infielder.

Junior is very popular with his teammates. His round face and ready smile make him look like one of Mickey Rooney's chums in the Andy Hardy series. He's a thoroughly relaxed athlete who sometimes worries his manager because he doesn't take things more seriously.

Stephens is married and the father of a son, also named Vernon Decatur Stephens, Jr. He works as a machinist in a California shipyard during the off season.

If he doesn't establish himself as a great shortstop it will because of a tendency to put on flesh. Junior likes to eat and he likes to drink beer. Most people do, but Stephens puts on weight so fast that if he isn't careful he will duplicate the feat of Shanty Hogan of the Giants, who ate his way out of the big leagues.

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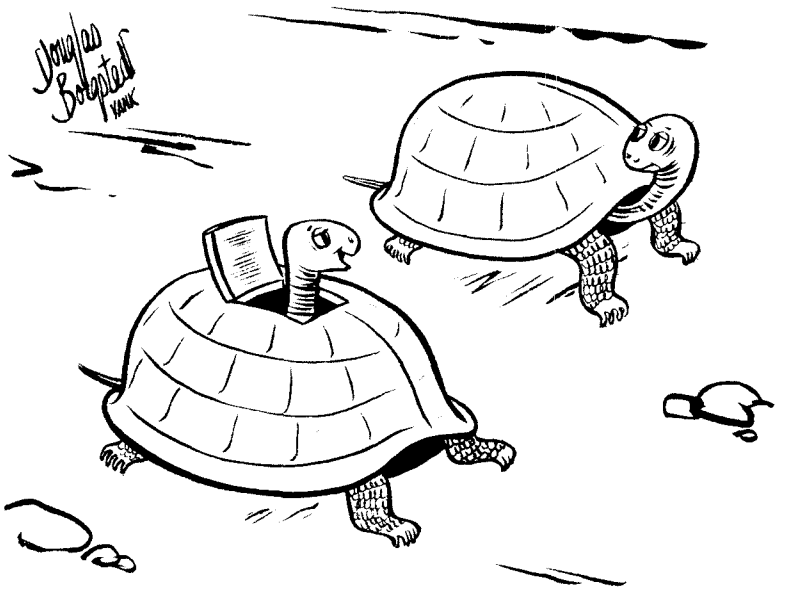
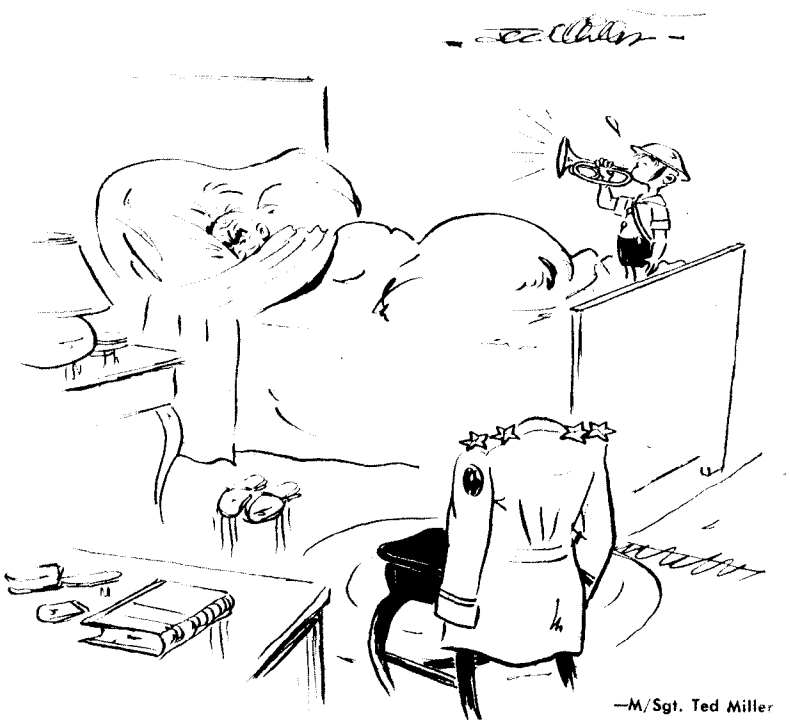


"HEY LOOK, I'M A SHERMAN TANK."
—Sgt. Douglas Borgstedt



—M/Sgt. Ted Miller

". . . AND WOULD YOU FELLAS BE GOOD ENOUGH TO POLICE UP THE AREA ON YOUR WAY BACK TO THE GATE, PLEASE?"
—Sgt. Bil Keane

"EVERYTHING IS JUST THE SAME."
—Cpl. Ernest Maxwell

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